



*Verses written by the Author, and design'd
for his Tomb-Stone.*

DEATH! JUDGMENT! HEAV'N and HELL! Think,
CHRISTIANS, think!

You stand on vast ETERNITY'S dread Brink ;
FAITH and REPENTANCE ! PIETY, and PRAY'R !
Despise *this* World, the *next* be all your Care!
Thus, while my Tomb the solemn Silence breaks,
And to the Eye this cold, dumb Marble speaks ;
'Tho' *Dead*, I preach : If e'er with ill Success,
Living, I strove th' important Truths to press ;
Your precious, your immortal Souls to save ;
Hear me, at least, O ! hear me, from my *Grave* !



THOUGHTS

UPON THE

Four Last Things:

DEATH; JUDGMENT;
HEAVEN; and HELL.

A

P O E M

IN FOUR PARTS,

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.

The Second Edition.

To which are added,

The I, CIV, and CXXXVII PSALMS
PARAPHRAS'D.

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THE LIFE OF

THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND

P. O. M.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.

OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A HISTORY OF THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND

BY JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.

OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY

TO WHICH IS ADDED



THE
P R E F A C E.

HOWEVER dull, and trite it may be, to declaim against the Corruptions of the Age One lives in; I presume it will be allow'd me by Every-body, that all manner of Wickedness, both in Principles, and Practice, abounds among us at present, to a degree scarce heard of in any Christian State, or Kingdom. We have been bad enough, God knows, ever since my Remembrance; and I have liv'd in six Reigns: But for about these twenty Years last past, the English Nation has been, and is, so prodigiously debauch'd; its very Nature, and Genius so chang'd; that I scarce know it to be the English Nation, and am almost

a Foreigner in my own Country. Not only barefac'd, impudent Immorality of all Kinds; but open, profess'd Infidelity, and Atheism—— But I begin to declaim indeed; and forget that I am writing a short Preface. To stop These Overflowings of Ungodliness, Much has been done in Prose; yet not so, as to supersede all other Endeavours: And therefore, the Author of these Poems was willing to try whether any Good might be done in Verse. This Manner of Conveyance may perhaps have some Advantages, which the Other has Not. At least, it makes Variety; which is something considerable. The Quatuor Novissima, as they are commonly called, the Four Last Things, are manifestly Subjects of the utmost Importance: If due Reflexions upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, will not reclaim Men from their Vices; Nothing will. And that our Infidels may not pretend that in These Papers the Question is beg'd, and Things

P R E F A C E. v

Things Suppos'd, which ought to be Prov'd ; (which is Their Way of Arguing, not Ours :) Care is taken to encounter Infidelity upon all proper Occasions ; and to shew These mighty Reasoners, in their own Conceit, that either they know Nothing of Reasoning ; or wilfully falsify, and labour to deceive Mankind into Destruction. This little Work was intended for the Use of All, from the Greatest to the Least. But as it would have been intolerably flat and inspid to the Former, had it been wholly written in a Stile level to the Capacitys of the Latter ; To obviate Inconveniencies on both sides, an Attempt has been made to entertain the Upper Class of Readers ; and by Notes to explain such Passages in Divinity, Philosophy, History, &c. as might be difficult to the Lower. A Detail of the Principal Matters, contain'd in each Part, is likewise premis'd by way of Contents. And in the Notes, the Texts of Scripture, alluded to, are cited.

If

vi P R E F A C E.

It has been objected (we are told) that Here is too much Scripture for a Poetical Composition: But Those Objectors, I doubt, are but indifferent Criticks, as well as not the best of Christians. Of which Much might be said; But we have not Time, nor indeed is it worth While. Our Author, however, is so far from being asham'd of his Scripture (in his Love, and Admiration of which, He will ever glory) that He has all along quoted Chapter, and Verse; as if the Four Parts of his Poem were so many Sermons. The Work (if it may be so call'd) being partly Argumentative, and partly Descriptive; it would have been ridiculous, had it been possible, to make the First-mention'd as Poetical as the Other.

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

In long Pieces of Musick there is the plain Recitativo, as well as the higher, and more Musical Modulation; And they mutually recommend, and set off Each other. But
about

P R E F A C E. vii

about These Matters the Writer is little solicitous; any otherwise than as they are subservient to his Design of Doing Good. That is his Aim; and God give Success to it. We only observe farther, that tho' Infidelity, and the most flagitious Crimes are here chiefly insisted upon; yet not Those only: And These Meditations will appear to be of great Use to the lower Rank of Sinners; and even to the good, nay the best, Christians.

The three Psalms paraphras'd in Verse were thought proper to be added to this Edition; and we need say no more of them.

T H E

THE ARGUMENT.

REASONS why People are generally averse from the Thoughts of Death. The Certainty of it to All. Unreasonable that its Commonness, and Certainty should make it Despis'd, or Neglected. The Usefulness and Necessity of meditating upon it. A Good Man upon his Death-bed. A wicked Man upon his Death-bed. A wicked Man in the intermediate State. A Good Man in the intermediate State. Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul, against the Infidels. Eternity of Happiness, and Misery. Both depend upon the Management of our short Time Here. Our Lives short; yet long enough for all the Purposes of Living: Our Time to be carefully and frugally spent. Folly of taking pains to die Rich. Use of meditating upon Death, and Eternity, with regard to Pleasure, Honour, &c. With regard to the flourishing Condition of wicked Men. With regard to the Troubles and Afflictions of This Life. Death equals all in This World: Vertue and Vice only make the Distinction in the Next. Use of meditating upon Death, with regard to the Vices, Follies, and universal Corruption of Mankind. Death not to be wis'd Desperate Madness of Self-Murther. More Uses of meditating upon Death. It destroys not our present Happiness; but improves it. Present things, and Future, The grand Use of All.

P A R T I.

D E A T H.

DARK to Futurity, in Doubt, and Fear,
 Short of *Hereafter's* What, and How, and Where,
 Trembling to launch into an unknown State,
 Final, immutable, and fix'd as Fate;
 Fond, foolish Man would fain those Thoughts decline, 5
 And lose them in false Bus'ness, Sports, or Wine.
 But *can'st* thou lose them? See'st thou not, each hour,
 Age drop like Autumn-leaves? Youth like a Flow'r
 Cut down? Do Coffins, Graves, and tolling Bells
 Warn thee in vain? In Palaces, and Cells, 10
 The Heights of Life above, the Vales beneath,
 In Towns, and Fields, we every where meet Death.

Dull! trite! insipid! crys the Critick's Phlegm;

* *Mors omnibus communis* — Children's Theme —

B

Why,

* *Death is common to All; Or, We must All die.*

Why, Children die ; and, Critick, so must Thou ; 15
 And so must I ; tho' None knows When, or How :
 Soon it must be ; and That is all we know. }

Must Death (while Life is so much over priz'd)

Because 'tis thus familiar, be despis'd ?

Neglected, because certain ? when our Bliss, 20

Or Woe succeeds ? What Turn of Mind is This ?

Oh ! but the Image present Mirth destroys :

Suppose That true ; it leads to endless Joys.

Must we indulge no Thoughts, but such as please ?

And sacrifice our Safety to our Ease ? 25

But 'tis *Not* true : The Vertuous, and the Wife

Have more Enjoyment than the Fools of Vice :

And Nothing more to make us Good can tend,

While Life endures, than Thinking on its End :

By That no present Happiness is lost ; 30

He fears Death least, who thinks upon it most.

Ev'n to the Best indeed, with brandish'd Dart,

This King of Terrors will some Fear impart :

Adverse to Nature This much-dreaded Foe

Makes Nature bend beneath the threaten'd Blow. 35

Thus much of Sin Original remains

Still unatton'd : Sad Sicknefs, Languor, Pains,

Physicians, Med'cines, weeping Babes and Wife,

Parting with dearest Friends, and sweet, sweet Life :

Darknefs

Part I. D E A T H. 3

Darkness *behind*, as Pain and Tears *before* : 40

But soon the melancholy Scene is o'er.

Ev'n while it lasts, Joy intermix'd with Grief

Refreshes him, and Conscience brings Relief.

Smiling he kens the happy Realms above,

Blest Regions of eternal Peace, and Love : 45

His Saviour, while in Air his Sighs exhale,

Consoles, and guides him thro' the gloomy Vale ;

Faithful Creator! His firm Staff and Rod

Supports the Soul incumbent on its God.

Not so the Wicked ; Hell is in his Breast ; 50

He shakes, and shudders at the dire Arrest.

Stinging Reflection, while he yields his Breath,

Adds Point and Venom to the Shaft of Death :

He sees the Gulph, and shivers on the Brink ;

Nature, and Guilt, and Conscience backward shrink : 55

Or if the Wretch obdur'd, or stupid dies ;

He sleeps indeed, but Hell unseals his Eyes.

Of Both the Bodys cold in Earth are laid ;

Their Souls to diff'rent Seats, or States, convey'd.

B 2

Thou

VER. 47. ——— *Gloomy Vale.*] Psalm xxiii. 4.

VER. 48. *Faithful Creator.*] 1 Pet. iv. 19. *Commit the Keeping
of their Souls unto Him, as unto a faithful Creator.*

Ibid. ——— *Staff, and Rod.*] Psalm xxiii. 4.

VER. 57. *Hell unseals his Eyes.*] Luke xvi. 23. *And in Hell he
lift up his Eyes.*

Thou seest a Corpse with fun'ral Pomp inurn'd : 60
 How great the Man ! With how much Splendor mourn'd !
 Seest with his Own his Wife's Escutcheon join'd,
 And gilded Banners flutter in the Wind ;
 The Herald's Art ! much gaz'd at, understood
 By few ! But was he Vertuous, Wife, and Good ? 65
 If so ; This hurts him not : But if unjust,
 Abandon'd to base Av'rice, Pride, or Lust ;
 What boots this Pageantry ? With joyful Howl
 Infernal Spirits seiz'd his parting Soul.
 Which Now, or in a dismal Dungeon bound, 70
 In Chains of Darkness, in a Den profound,
 With Millions like Herself, despairing groans :
 Or, if at large, with piercing fruitless Moans,
 Low, near to Earth, her former dear Delight,
 Fills the dun Air, and shrieks thro' Shades of Night : 75
 Hovers around the wretched Coarse she left,
 And fain would enter : Of That Hope bereft,
 Stript of her Body, naked, and forlorn,
 She scuds away, and dreads the rising Morn :

No

VER. 71. *Chains of Darkness.*] 2 Pet. ii. 4. Jude 6.

VER. 74. *Low near to Earth* — to VER. 90. — *Herself a Hell.*] See Note on Part III. Ver. 488.

Part I. *D E A T H.* 5

No Object finds to gratify her Sense, 80
 Herself almost a Body, gross, and dense ;
 Yet not enough, her Appetites to please ;
 She knows no Interval of Rest, or Ease.

Imaginary Bags of Gold she clasps ;
 In vain ; 'tis empty Air alone she grasps : 85
 Lust she'd indulge ; but is with Thinness curst :
 Would drink ; but, tho' immortal, dies for Thirst.
 Her black and dev'lish Passions, night and day,
 Pride, Malice, Rage, and Envy, on her prey.
 Herself already to herself a Hell, 90

She trembles in those sulph'rous Flames to dwell ;
 With Horror waits the last tremendous Doom
 Of fiercer Pains, and Torments yet to come.

A diff'rent Fate the Just Man's recent Ghost
 Attends: He, landing on the New World's Coast, 95
 (Fertile of Wonders, glorious to behold !)
 Looks back with Joy, and Triumph, on the Old.
 O Death, he cries, (her Pow'r he now can brave)
Where is thy Sting? Thy Victory, O Grave?

B 3

He

VER. 92, 93. *With Horror waits — yet to come.*] It plainly appears both from Reason, and Scripture, that there is an *intermediate State* of Souls, and of Happiness, and Misery, between Death, and the Day of Judgment. See *Bp. Bull's* Sermon. III. Vol. I.

VER. 98, 99. *O Death — O Grave.*] 1 Cor. xv. 55.

He smiles, reflecting on the Pride of Kings ; 100
 And Angels bear him on their purple Wings
 To Mansions of celestial Peace, and Rest :
 Death is to Him, who dies but to be blest,
 A Gate from This to a far better Life,
 Free from all Pain, and Sorrow, Cares, and Strife. 105
 We, viewing his pale Body spoil'd of Breath,
 And all the new Dishonours wrought by Death,
 Contemplating his Fun'ral now prepar'd,
 His Grave just sunk, or the dark Vault unbarr'd,
 His sable Chest, and what We *call* his *End*, 110
 Absurdly *pity* our departed Friend :
 Alas ! He pitys *Us* ; whom here he leaves
 In this sad Vale of Tears ; whom Life deceives
 With vain false Hopes ; who labour, here below,
 With unsubstantial Joys, and solid Woe : 115
 He bids us for Ourselves more justly grieve,
 And sighs to see the wretched Death we live.
 Himself or in a blissful Region dwells,
 Which VIRGIL's feign'd *Elysium* far excels ;
 A *Paradise* more pleasant now can boast, 120
 Than That which Man's first Disobedience lost ;

An

An *Eden*, which should ev'n great MILTON paint,
His strongest Colours would be dead, and faint :

Where all the Good departed hence enjoy

Ineffable Delights, which never cloy.

125

Or blest in State alone, unfix'd to Place,

Ranges the infinite Expanse of Space ;

Obstructed by no Boundaries, or Bars,

Expatiates thro' th' unnumber'd Worlds of Stars ;

Sees how barb'd Comets shake their fiery Hair,

130

How Planets, hung on Nothing, spin in Air :

Of plain Effects the latent Causes views ;

How Hail is moulded, and how rise the Dews .

How blended Elements unite in Strife,

And bury'd Seeds by dying spring to Life :

135

What paints the Tulip, and the blushing Rose ;

How from the Violet the fresh Odor flows :

How Cold congeals, and why ascends the Fire ;

Why Tides swell high, and less'ning Ebbs retire.

Now to the Bottom of the boundless Deep

140

Descends, where lowest Floods in silence sleep ;

The Wonders of the Watry World surveys,

Thro' Coral-Groves, and Finny Nations strays :

Now thro' the Windings of the cavern'd Earth

Delighted roves ; views Metals in their Birth ;

145

The hidden Crudities of Things explores ;
 Views future Seas, e'er yet they beat their Shores ;
 Rivers, which glide thro' subterraneous Caves,
 Before they mix their Streams with Ocean's Waves.
 Thro' the whole Moral Scheme his piercing Sight 150
 Directs, and views it in its native Light :
 Knows e'en HIMSELF ; knows what he *Was*, and *Is* ;
 What in his *Former* State, and What in *This* :
 How rude Ideas in the Mind are wrought ;
 How Thinking is perform'd, and What is Thought. 155
 What Soul, and Body are ; How first combin'd,
 Why now divorc'd, and how to be rejoin'd.
 Sees thro' the Whole the great Creator spread,
 Reigning thro' All, the Living, and the Dead ;
 (All live to Him) the Universal Whole 160
 By Him sustain'd ; the Body, and the Soul ;
 Nature's vast Frame : In Him All live, and move,
 The vilest Worm below, the highest Saint above.
 Nor This in Solitude ; He roaming meets,
 And with unutterable Pleasure greets. 165
 (Nor is to Him less Love by Them express'd)
 Ten thousand Myriads of his Fellow Blest.

All

VER. 160. *All live to him.*] Luke xx. 38.

VER. 162. *In Him all live, and move.*] Act xvii. 28.

All join in sweet Society, and raise
Their Voices to th' Eternal Godhead's Praise.
To Them their Elder Brethren of the Sky, 170
The Angels, as thro' liquid Air they fly,
To excute th' Almighty's dread Commands,
Oft add themselves, and friendly touch their Hands.
And well they can delicious Converse hold
With Those high Spirits, tho' of purer Mold; 175
Since here on Earth their Tastes to heav'nly Good
Were always turn'd, and relish'd Angel's Food.
And now each Soul, of Substance more refin'd,
(Its airy Vehicle almost a Mind)
Objects agreeable can never want, 180
Nor any Joys its cumbrous Flesh could grant.
Yet in This blisful intermediate State
The last Perfection of their Blifs they wait :
Farther than This Possession Hope extends,
Sure Hope of Happinefs which never ends, 185
Consummate Happinefs ; when Flesh and Soul
Shall re-unite, and be the former Whole ;

When

VER. 179. *Its airy Vehicle.*] It was the Opinion of some of the Ancient Fathers, that the Angels themselves have certain fine aerial Bodys ; which are called *Vehicles*.

VER. 182. *Yet in this blisful, intermediate, &c. to VER. 189.*] See Note on Ver. 92, 93.

When Heav'n shall all the Just made perfect blefs,
And Hope in absolute Fruition cease.

But soft—We stand arrested in our Course : 190
Objections here, of mighty Weight, and Force,
Against These Suppositions, fancy'd Things,
The bloated, or the meagre, Atheist brings.
ATHEIST I stile him ; for He's much the Same ;
Tho' chusing DEIST's somewhat milder Name. 195
Speak then, dull Infidel, thy inmost Thought :
Death's Nought, thou say'st, and after Death is Nought ;
A future State, vile Priestcraft's bugbear Theme,
And all Reveal'd Religion is a Dream.
But canst thou *prove* This ? No ; not, tho' 'twere true :
But, as 'tis false ; *Facts done* canst Thou *undoe* ? 201
Canst Thou by Logick, and Philosophy,
What surely *is* demonstrate *not to be* ?
Did God (a Truth from All besides conceal'd)
Reveal to Thee that Nothing is reveal'd ? 205
Was

VER. 193. *The bloated, or the meagre Atheist, &c.*] Some pamper'd, and swoln with Gluttony, and Drunkenness, &c. Others sober, thinking, lean Infidels. See Part IV. from Ver. 476. to 508.

VER. 194, 195. *Atheist—Deist—*] *Deist* (as the State of Infidelity now stands) is but another Word for *Atheist* ; However contrary they may seem. See Note on Part IV. Ver. 50.

Was ever Spirit sent to Thee alone
From t'other World, to tell thee there is None?
This, Thou reply'ft, is Contradiſtion all :
So are thy Reas'nings, vain, proud Animal :
* Which I (if Heav'n ſo far This Span prolong) 210
Will prove by Argument, in Rhime, and Song,
As many have in Proſe. Nor is't in Verſe
Unfit theſe Truths important to rehearſe,
Theſe ſerious, moral, theologic Things :
Since, as the preaching Poet wiſely ſings, 215
† “ A Verſe may find Him who a Sermon flys,
“ And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Mean while, What think'ſt thou ? Was the human Soul,
Which by a tranſient Glance from Pole to Pole
Travels more ſwift than Light, to Heav'n ſublime 220
Can fly, deſcend to Hell, fix fleeting Time,
The Paſt and Future to the Preſent join,
And knows no Bounds which can Its Range confine,
But INFINITE alone ———

Which

* It was the Author's Deſign (if it ſhould pleaſe God to give him Life for it) I. To demonſtrate, in Verſe, the Neceſſity of Revelation in general ; and the Truth and Excellence of the Chriſtian Religion in particular, II. To diſplay the Glory of God in his Works of 1 Creation, 2 Redemption, 3 Providence. III. To ſet forth the ſupereminent Dignity of the Holy Scriptures above all Human Writings.

† *Herbert's Sacred Poems.*

Which reasons justly, Its own Thoughts o'er-rules, 225
And Fancy's Fire with Judgment's Temper cools ;
By Sciences brings hidden Truths to Light :
Some Knowledge gains ; but, with fresh Appetite,
Unsatisfy'd, for more still thirsts, and pants,
Knowing, the more It has, how much It wants ; 230
Was by th' Almighty's Wisdom for no End
Design'd, but here a sad short Life to spend ;
Only to trifle sev'nty Years away
In this frail Flesh, this Tenement of Clay,
In Doubt, in Fear, in Sorrow, in Despair, 235
Then cease to be, and vanish into Air ?
While various Species of th' inferior, brute
Creation, void of Reason, prone, and mute,
Beasts, Fishes, Birds, ev'n Vegetables, Trees,
The Oak, the Yew, and other Things like These, 240
Senseless, inanimate, whole Ages last,
After our longest Term of Days is past ?
Should One in Pow'rs mechanick most expert
The utmost Efforts of his Skill exert,
Some curious, delicate Machine to frame, 245
Surpassing all his other Works of Fame ;
Yet so contriv'd, that one revolving Sun
Should see This mighty Doing quite undone ;

The

The Wheels, and Springs stand still, and made to stand,
Fix'd, disobedient to the Mover's Hand ; 250

Or, bursting, into Diffolution fly,
And all dispers'd in useless Fragments lie :
Would'st thou not say that, after such Expence
Of Art, the Artift wanted Common Sense ?
And shall Eternal Wisdom be impeach'd 255
Of Folly, which no Mortal Fool e'er reach'd ?

But oh ! a *Spirit* ! Who That Word can hear,
And form an Image *adequate*, and *clear*,
Join'd to the *Sound* ? Why ; frankly I confess,
I never *saw* a Spirit's Shape, or Dress. 260

Is there None therefore ? Is, I ask, to Thee
This Reas'ning just, Nought *is*, but what I *see* ?
No ; But of Spirit, Thou wilt strait reply,
Thou canst form no *Idea* : So can I.
What ? *Substance* without *Figure* ? Yes ; Why Not ? 265
Instead of *Figure*, 'tis endu'd with *Thought*.
Can *Matter* think ? Thy self wilt sure disown
A thinking Piece of Timber, or of Stone.

A

VER. 267. *Can Matter think ?*] By *Matter*, or *Body*, in Philosophy, is meant every thing that can be the Object of any of our Senses, has Extension, Parts separable from One another, &c. In short every thing but *Spirit*. Thus, Flesh, Wood, Stone, Gold, Water, &c. are *Matter* or *Body*.

A thinking Piece of Flesh is just the same :
 Of Neither any Notion can we frame. 270
 That God's a Spirit, is a Truth most bright ;
 For *Body* never can be *infinite*.
 If then *one* Spirit ; why not Millions more ?
 But granting there were None ; Thy self explore.
 Thou art a *Man* ; Thou think'st ; Thy active Mind 275
 Can by no Bounds in Thinking be confin'd.
 And can it e'er in Reason be conceiv'd,
 Ev'n by an Infidel's large Faith believ'd,
 That such a Substance, call it what thou list,
 Body, or Soul, was made but to exist 280
 For sev'nty Years, so very small a Space ;
 And then in Being have no more a Place ?
 Thou find'st thy self accountable Elsewhere
 For what thou do'st, and how thou suffer'st Here ;
 Conscious of Praise, and Shame, of Good, and Ill, 285
 Lord of thy ev'ry Action, free in Will ;
 Fit or for Heav'n's Reward, or vengeful Rod ;
 For sure a DEIST's Name must own a GOD.

And

VER. 272. *Body — infinite.*] Every *Body*, or Parcel of *Mat-
 ter*, of what Ex'tent soever, must have *some Bounds* ; because it
 must have a *Surface*.

VER. 278. *An Infidel's large Faith.*] An *Infidel* (however oddly
 it may sound) is the most *credulous* Wretch in Nature. Of which
 innumerable Instances have been given by our Divines.

And of *Hereafter's* Woe, and Bliss in store,
Reason speaks much, but Revelation more. 290
That makes it probable ; most certain, *This* :
Be it that Nothing then but Matter *is* ;
Matter, and *Motion* — Words you so much love :
To Thee what Consolation will it prove,
When damn'd in Hell, that, bound in fiery Chains, 295
'Tis Nought but *Matter mov'd* that suffers *endless Pains* ?

Meditate then on Death to All decreed,
And both Eternitys which must succeed.
Eternity! Immense, vast, boundless Sea !
How are our Thoughts, tho' unconfin'd, and free, 300 }
Confounded, lost, and swallow'd up in Thee !
Forever ! Never ! Words of mighty Weight !
Whene'er we muse on either future State !
'Tis all an endless, infinite Abyfs ;
Whether we think on Misery, or Bliss : 305
Added to Heav'n itself it turns our Brain,
And makes ev'n Happiness almost a Pain.
Yet 'twould be Pain indeed, did we possess
That Happiness, to think it e'er could cease.
But O ! What Words — What Thoughts — Eternal Woe !
What ? Never end ? No, Never. Mortal, show 311
Thyself

Thyself a Man ; Consider, and be Wise ;
 Fear, tremble at the Death that never dies ;
 The second Death — * “ O Spare us, King of Heav’n ;
 “ To Us repentant be Thy Pardon giv’n : 315
 “ Tho’ for our Sins Thou justly art displeas’d,
 “ By our Repentance be Thy Wrath appeas’d :
 “ Most worthy Judge Eternal, hear our Pray’r ;
 “ O Lord most Holy, God most Mighty, spare
 “ Thy suppliant Servants : Thou (in Thee we trust) 320
 “ Art Merciful, Great God, as well as Just :
 “ Suffer us not, whate’er Thy Will decree,
 “ For any Pains of Death to fall from Thee.”

On This allotted Time, which soon must end,
 Th’ Eternitys of Woe and Blifs depend. 325
 That Life is vain, and short, we much complain ;
 Must we then make it shorter, and more vain ?
 ’Tis short indeed, scarce worthy our Regard ;
 If with Eternity it be compar’d.
 Yet Life sufficient is by bounteous Heav’n 330
 For all the Purposes of Living giv’n ;
 For Here, and for Hereafter — If too scant
 It prove, Ourselves alone have made That Want.

Life

* Office for *Burial of the Dead.*

Life is no farther liv'd, than well employ'd ;
 The rest is Death ; at best a Chasm, and Void. 335
 Then give Thyself long Life, unthinking Man ;
 By vertuous Industry extend thy Span.
 Can'st thou be ignorant that Some live more
 In twenty Years, than Others in fourscore ?
 Time, fullen Thou complaine'st, flys too fast : 340
 Why so impatient then to have it past ?
 Suppose one fix its Fleetness ——— See, It stands ———
 But lies it not a dead Weight on thy hands ?
 Ev'n as it flys, thou trifle'st it away
 In Visits, Dress, Impertinence, and Play ; 345
 So diligently idle ——— Better far
 Those Hours were spent in Thought, in Books, and Pray'r :
 Yet better they were spent in Sloth, than Vice ;
 In Indolence, than Drink, and Lust, and Dice.
 But I retract ——— For Sloth we justly call 350
 One Vice ; And Mis'ry's the Result of *All*.
 Of This rich Talent *Time*, its Term expir'd,
 A strict Account will be by Heav'n requir'd :
 Be Thou a Niggard of thy Hours, and Days ;
 This only Avarice can merit Praise. 355

Who meditates on Death with wise Forethought,
 Will use This World as tho' he us'd it Not ;

Regard Heav'n as his Home, and fix'd Abode,
 This World but as an Inn upon the Road.
 Another walking with Turmoil and Pain, 360
 In a vain Shadow, tires himself in vain.
 Why should we Covet what so soon we Leave?
 Why Trust in That which surely will Deceive?
 Why should'st thou Wealth amass? O, 'twill be said
 The Man *dy'd Rich*; That's Glory, when he's dead. 365
Dy'd Rich? What Solecism! Words Thus conjoin'd?
Riches, and *Death*? O Madness of Mankind!

Would strong Temptations thee to Vice enthrall
 By Pain, or Pleasure? To thy succour call
 DEATH, and ETERNITY — That Thought disarms 370
 Pain of its Terrors, Pleasure of its Charms.
 DEATH, and ETERNITY! The Tyrant raves
 Unheeded; Beauty makes no Fools, and Slaves.
 Whate'er affects thee, be it Good, or Ill;
 DEATH, and ETERNITY will triumph still. 375
 To gilded Courts, and Palaces repair;
 Splendor and Vice enough will meet thee There.

DEATH,

World, as not abusing it. As well if not better, render'd; Using, as not using it.

VER. 360, 361. *Walking — In a vain Shadow, &c.] Psalm. xxxix. 6.*

DEATH, and ETERNITY ! Those Words repeat :
 See'st thou not how the Glories of the Great
 Shrink into Nothing ? Ev'n if There thou find 380
 Goodness (how seldom seen !) with Greatness join'd.
 But if 'tis the Reverse ; If Lust, and Pride,

And Avarice, and Folly, There preside,
 And govern All ; If There a People's Fate
 Hangs on one huge, enormous Tool of State, 385
 Studious to make, by all vile Arts profess'd,
 Of One a Tyrant, Vassals of the Rest ;

DEATH, and ETERNITY ! Does not That Sound
 Their Wealth, and worthless Insolence confound ?
 The Star upon their Breasts no longer gleams ; 390

Their Ribbands tarnish, Diamonds lose their Beams :
 Swift vanishes their Pomp, their only Fame ;

As Demons fade at JESUS' dreaded Name.

They die ; and so do We : The Farce is o'er ;

Th' Oppressors frown, th' Oppress'd complain no more :
 All in the same dull Track no longer run ; 396

Those to undoe, and These to be undone.

Envy'st thou Those Their Lot compar'd with Thine ?

Fret not thy self, nor at their Grandeur pine.

C 2

Soon

VER. 399, 400. *Fret not thyself, — Soon shall they be, &c.*] Psalm.
 XXXVII. 1, 2.

Soon shall they be cut down, like rankest Weeds 400
 Wither, and rot — And Then oh ! What succeeds ?
 In *Us* it is not to foredoom their Fate ;
 But let *THEM* think, and tremble, e'er too late.

By the same prudent Turn and Cast of Thought,
 Life's various Ills, and Troubles shrink to Nought. 405
 Grief Here indeed, and Toil we undergo ;
 But what is That to Everlasting Woe ?
 What is it, with Eternity compar'd ?
 The Sinner's Punishment, the Saint's Reward ?
 Think, Sinner, that thou may'st not persevere, 410
 How much more Pain is felt in Hell, than Here.
 Think, Saint, thy Perseverance to secure,
 How Heav'n o'er pays what we on Earth endure.
 This short imperfect State to all Mankind
 For Nothing, but Probation, was design'd ; 415
 Pleasure and Pain were only meant to prove
 Whether This World, or God, we chiefly love.

O Death ! Thou certain Cure of human Ills ;
 Why, tho' thy lifted Dart with Terror fills
 The Guilty Mortal, should the Good, and Wise 420
 Fear Thee, when He's not happy 'till he dies ?

Great Leveller ! By Thee the King, the Slave,
 The Poor, the Rich, the Coward, and the Brave,

The

The Wise, the Fool, the Wicked, and the Just,
Are equal'd All — How equal'd ? — In the Dust ; 425
Not otherwise : Beyond This short Life's End
Thy Pow'r of Levelling cannot extend.
Souls are distinguish'd, as They ever live ;
And Vice, and Vertue, That Distinction give :
In That great Difference Fortune has no share ; 430
Fortune, which makes so great a Diff'rence Here.
The Wealthy may be wretched, blest the Poor ;
Yet let not *These* presume, or be secure :
Let not by Them, thro' Poverty's vain Pride,
The sacred Parable * be misapply'd : 435
Millions of Beggars may be doom'd to Hell,
And many Rich in ABRAHAM'S Bosom dwell.
The Wise, and Good, however, certain Bliss
In the next Life awaits ; and ev'n of This
The Pains and Labours soon by Death must end : 440
Why should They then fear Death their healing Friend ?
No Troubles in the silent Grave molest :
The Pris'ner's free, the Weary are at Rest.
Releas'd from This vain World, which always lies
Immers'd in Folly, Misery, and Vice, 445

* That of DIVES, and LAZARUS

We There repose: Our Toils for-ever cease:
 And Knaves, and Fools no more disturb our Peace:
 Chiefly That mingled Mass of Fools, and Knaves,
 Who *might* have Liberty, but *will* be Slaves;
 Who, stedfast to transgress right Reason's Rules, 450
 In spite of wisest Counsels *will* be Fools.
 Let Kings, their mighty Madness to display,
 As if of Human Race were None but They,
 Or They Above it, rouse War's dire Alarms,
 And plague the miserable World with Arms; 455
 Spread Slaughter, Fire, and Ravage, all around,
 And Land, and Sea, and Right, and Wrong confound;
 With frightful Sieges Towns and Cities shake:
 We shall not hear the dismal Din they make;
 Those Pests of Human Kind — But here forbears 460
 The serious Muse — What Portion shall be Theirs,
 Her present Theme directs her not to tell;
 She Elsewhere sings of JUDGMENT, and of HELL:
 Happy indeed the Prince, who Reigns to Bless;
 And is Himself a Nation's Happiness. 465
 Yet Death must not be Wish'd: Contented wait
 For thy Discharge; whatever be thy Fate.
 Some, merely thro' Satiety of Life,
 Have long'd to die; Some, 'tir'd with Care and Strife.

All

Part I. *D E A T H.* 23

All This is Folly ; nor without a Crime : 470
 Covet not Heav'n itself, before Heav'n's Time.
 'Twas great ELIJAH's Blemish, not his Praise,
 That he requested God to end his Days :
 But was This granted ? Came Death at his Call ?
 Far otherwise, He never dy'd at all. 475
 Tho' Frailty mingled with his human Frame ;
 Yet, such his Piety's celestial Flame,
 He only (One except) was from to die
 Exempt, and * *went not downwards to the Sky.*
 With Steeds and Chariot fiery like his Zeal, 480
 (This, Nought, as Those, could represent so well)
 Rapt in a Whirlwind, thro' the Starry Spheres
 He rides triumphant ; After that, appears
 Many long Ages after, to recount
 Wonders unhear'd, on *Tabor's* holy Mount, 485
 With his effulgent Saviour — But what Views
 Are open'd Here ? Descend, my devious Muse ;
 Descend, whatever Fires within thêe glow,
 From Heav'n, and *Tabor*, to This Earth below.

C 4

Whate'er

* COWLEY.

VER. 485. *On Tabor's holy Mount, &c.*] Matth. xvii. 1, 2,
 &c. Tho' *Tabor* is not mention'd ; yet Tradition tells us it was
 That Mountain.

Whate'er Disasters, or Afflictions press ; 490
 We must not call on Death for our Release.
 Let PATIENCE have her perfect Work ; controul
 Each Mur'm'ring Thought ; and calm the ruffled Soul.
 In God's sight PATIENCE is of mighty Price ;
 No Vertue shines more lovely in his Eyes. 495
 But whether more, or less, there's Cause to grieve ;
 There's Cause abundant we should wish to live :]
 T' adorn the Province Here to Us assign'd ;
 To benefit our Friends, and all Mankind :
 To mourn our Sins, our Graces to improve, 500
 To flame, like Seraphim, in Zeal and Love :
 To gain in Heav'n a more sublime Reward :
 Ah ! None for Heav'n can be too well prepar'd.
 Be it Thy constant Pray'r, and so pray I ;
 " Let me live long, to be more fit to die. 505
 However ; None must with his *Post* to leave,
 'Till his *Discharge* he from his CHIEF receive :
 Let him be always ready to resign,
 When he is call'd ; Yet not, meanwhile, repine ;
 But, as commanded, chearfully obey. 510
 How desp'rate then, how lost, forlorn are They,
 Who by Self-Homicide ! — Oh dreadful ! dire !
 Such horrid Thoughts what Demon could inspire ?

For

Part I.

D E A T H.

25

For Them what Hope can after Death be had,
Who, dying, God's Prerogative invade? 515
Whose Death itself is Sin? He who gave Breath
To All, has only Right to give them Death.
Ev'n holy Job, of Mortals most distressed,
Tho' first extremest Anguish he express'd;
Curs'd the unhappy Day that gave him Birth, 520
And like hid Treasure sought to mix with Earth;
More coolly thinking, Thus retracts his Crime:
" All, all the Days of my appointed Time,
" Humbly resign'd, I will expect my Doom;
" And wait with Patience, 'till my Change shall come. 525
Die to the World, while living: Thoughts divine
Ev'n Here will Soul and Body half disjoin;
So shall Those Friends with less Reluctance part,
When in its last Convulsions heaves the Heart.
He who unwinds himself by just degrees 530
From Life, dies easily: As *loosen'd* Trees
Fall gently by a Storm, and ne'er bestrew
With broken Limbs the Ground on which they grew.
Those Vertuous err, who, while they think on Death,
Nothing but Gloominess, and Horrour breathe; 535
To

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 Nothing but Gloominess, and Horrour breathe; 535
 To

To blest Religion's Wrong and foul Disgrace,
 Draw a black Veil o'er Nature's lovely Face ;
 To moaping Melancholy quite resign'd,
 And dismal all in Body, and in Mind.
 Wise, and prepar'd to die, we, while we live, 540
 Enjoy Life most, and all that Life can give.
 Our Conscience quiet, our Accounts wrote fair,
 With more Delight we breathe the Spring's fresh Air ;
 Hear warbling Birds extend their little Throats,
 To glad the Ear with Nature's easiest Notes, 545
 Inviting Us with Them our Strains to raise,
 And celebrate the great Creator's Praise ;
 With more Delight hear PHILOMEL's soft Moans,
 And crystal Rills roll gurgling o'er the Stones ;
 With greater Pleasure see the clust'ring Vine 550
 In Ringlets curl, and swell with promis'd Wine ;
 (Let Wine be temperately us'd by All ;
 The Thoughts of Death its Relish will not pall :)
 See the Carnation its sweet Pride display,
 Streaking its Leaves with various Colours gay ; 555
 More pleas'd see all the Flow'rs that please the Eye ;
 And smiling sigh, that We, like Them, must Die.
 Rejoice, O Young Man, in thy Youth ; Rejoice,
 But still with Innocence : Hear Nature's Voice,

VER. 558. *Rejoice, O Young Man, &c.*] Eccles. xi. 9.

Part I. D E A T H. 27

But Nature uncorrupt : Her Law obey 560
As subject to Reveal'd Religion's Sway.

And That (so good, and bounteous is thy Lord)
Will much more-solid Joy, than Vice, afford :

Only thy sinful Appetites restrain ;
The Thought of Death will never give thee Pain. 565

'Tis Pain indeed to curb Those strong Desires ;
But greater far to burn in endless Fires.

How will That Pain by Heav'n be overpay'd !
By everlasting Happiness outweigh'd !

Nor be thy Soul beguil'd of Heav'n's Reward, 570
By present, as with future Things compar'd.

From a false Estimate 'twixt future Things,
And present, Folly, Vice, and Mis'ry springs.

Of *Future* Then we form a Notion just,
(And to be blest, conceive it right we must) 575

When with the Eye of Thought, and Faith, we see
What *is not yet*, but *will most surely be*.

What's *future* then is *certain* ; Bliss, or Woe :
And Both, as *future*, are *eternal* too.

Examine well thy *present moral* State ; 580
On That depends thy *future endless* Fate.

If vicious it be found ; close not thine Eyes,
E'er thou Repent, Reform, be Good, and Wise.

This

'This very present Hour may prove thy last ;
And Then all Hope, and Remedy is past. 585

In fine : Let Death from Vice and Sin deter :
'The grand Result of All determines There.
In ev'ry Storm, thy Safety to ensure,
'Those two great Anchors of the Soul secure,
FAITH, and REPENTANCE : Firm supports are they ; 590
When ev'ry other fancy'd Prop, and Stay,
'The more thou leanest, sinks, and slides away. }

Think often, in thy Days of Youth, and Health,
Midst flatt'ring Joys, Prosperity, and Wealth,
And when with Fortune's various Troubles crost, 595
What Thoughts *in Death* will *please*, or *grieve* thee most.
More to be valued, as thou Then wilt rate,
Is a good Conscience, than a good Estate.
More terrible is Guilt's envenom'd Smart,
'Than all the Pangs that wring the dying Heart. 600

Sin brought forth Death ; Death lives by Sin alone ;
The God-Man Saviour slew Death by his Own :
Sin too He slew : Yet Both may be reviv'd
By Us ; tho' He for Us both dy'd, and liv'd.

Death

VER. 601. *Sin brought forth Death.*] James i. 15.

VER. 602. *The — Saviour slew Death.*] 1 Cor. xv. 54. Hof.
xii. 14.

VER. 603. *Sin too He slew.*] 1. Joh. iii. 8.

Part I.

D E A T H.

29

Death is by Him of Pow'r and Sting disarm'd ; 605
Nought in itself, but a vain Fantom arm'd ;
An impotent, tho' black, and hideous, Thing :
But Think, Oh ! Think ; Sin still gives Death a Sting.

VER. 608. *Sin — gives Death a Sting.*] Cor. xv. 56.

P A R T

PART II.

JUDGMENT.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Terror of the last great Day, and the awful Appearance of the Judge, mention'd, and pass'd over for the present. The time of it Unknown. But the Thing itself clearly reveal'd in Scripture. Proofs of a future Judgment even from natural Reason. From the essential Difference betwixt moral Good, and Evil. From natural Conscience. From Providence in This World. From the Nature of God considered as a Law-giver. From the promiscuous Dispensations of Things in This Life. The dreadful Signs, and Prognosticks previous to the Day of Judgment. Our Saviour's blended Predictions concerning the Destruction of Jerusalem, and the Day of Judgment; They having plainly a View to Both. The Coming of the Judge. General Reflections upon the Awfulness and Dread of it. The Resurrection. The more distinct Appearance of the Judge. His Glory, and Majesty. The general Conflagration. The Summons to Judgment. The Judgment itself. The Account of the Good Steward. The Judge's Speech before Sentence. The Sentence itself. More particularly upon Infidel Apostates from Christianity. The Conclusion, with Practical Reflections.

P A R T II.

J U D G M E N T.

O THOU Eternal ! (Hallow'd, wond'rous Name!)
 Whose fruitful Word gave Birth to Nature's Frame ;
 Our only Hope, yet our Consuming Fire ;
 Mighty to Save, yet Terrible in Ire :
 Who can abide That great, That fearful Day, 5
 When Thou, as JUDGE, Thy Glory shalt display ?
 When all Things in Confusion shall be hurl'd,
 And Wreaths of Smoke involve the flaming World ?
 When from Thy red Right-hand *new* Lightnings fly ;
 And unfix'd Orbs rush clatt'ring thro' the Sky ? 10
 The Universal Mass, from Pole to Pole,
 Burnt up, and shrivel'd, like a Parchment Scrole ?
 In vain for Help shall Then the Guilty call ;
 " Hide us, Ye Hills, Ye Mountains, on us fall : "

D

When

 VER. 3. *Consuming Fire.*] Heb. xii. last VER.

 VER. 4. *Mighty to save.*] Isai. lxiii. 1.

 VER. 5. *Who can abide that great, &c.*] Joel ii. 11.

 VER. 12. *Burnt up — Scrole.*] Rev. vi. 14.

 VER. 14. *Hide us, ye Hills, &c.*] Luke xxiii. 30. Rev. vi. 16.

When with fierce fervent Heat, before ne'er felt, 15
 Like Wax the Everlasting Hills shall melt
 At Thy dread Presence; and the Mountains want,
 Themselves, That Refuge they are ask'd to grant.

Behold, He comes with Clouds; and ev'ry Eye
 Shall see Him in resplendent Majesty: 20
 Ev'n Those who pierc'd his Hands, his Feet, and Side,
 Shall see Him in triumphant Brightness ride,
 On Wings of Cherubs, and the bounding Wind;
 Black Clouds his Chariot, Storms in Harness join'd;
 The Just prepar'd to meet him in the Air, 25
 And Conscious Sinners shiv'ring with Despair.

Of that great Day indeed, That Day, and Hour
 Knows no Man; Not ev'n he th' Almighty Pow'r,
 The awful Judge Himself, as Son of Man;
 (As God, He all things *knows*, and all things *can*;) 30
When

VER. 15. *Fervent Heat, &c.*] 2 Pet. iii. 10, 12.

VER. 16. *Like Wax the everlasting Hills, &c.*] Psal. xcvi. 5.
 Hab. iii. 6.

VER. 19, 20, 21. *Behold, He comes with Clouds* — *Who pierc'd,*
&c.] Rev. i. 7.

VER. 23, 24. *On* — *Cherubs* — *On the Wind* — *Clouds his*
(chariot —)] Psal. xviii. Psal. civ.

VER. 25. *Meet him in the Air.*] 1 Thes. iv. 17.

VER. 27, 28, 29. *Of that great Day* — *Son of Man.*] Mark. xiii. 32.

Part II. J U D G M E N T.

35

When it will come, in Darkneſs is conceal'd ;
 But come it *will* ; That clearly is reveal'd.
 Or were it not ; that God, moſt juſt, and wiſe,
 Will judge the World, crown Vertue, puniſh Vice,
 Reward his Faithful, and confound the Proud, 35
 Reason aſſerts, and Nature cries aloud.
 Th' *effential Difference* 'twixt *Moral Good*,
 And *Evil*, muſt by all be underſtood :
 Who e'er was found ſo Savage, and ſo Brute,
 As *Their* aſſur'd *Exiſtence* to diſpute ? 40
 What Man, unleſs of Reason quite bereft,
 Can doubt that Murder, Fraud, Adult'ry, Theft,
 To be unmann'd by Drunkenneſs, and Luſt,
 To be Profane, Oppreſſive, and Unjuſt,
Are absolutely Evil ? That to theſe 45
 The oppoſite, endearing Qualities,
 Sweet Meekneſs, Charity, to have a Taſte
 For Heav'n on Earth, to be Juſt, Pious, Chaſte,
Are absolutely Good ? This Senſe of Things
 From Nature, and Eternal Reason ſprings : 50
 'Tis mix'd, congenial, with the Minds of All ;
 'Tis *Univerſal* ; therefore *Natural* ;
 Therefore *from God* ; and therefore muſt be *True*.
 And what can from This Good, and Il' enſue,

But Punishment to This, to That Reward? 55
 Both therefore are by God, the Judge, prepar'd.
 Reward to Vertue, Punishment assign'd
 To Vice, can ev'n in Thought be ne'er disjoin'd.
 No less does *Conscience* This great Truth attest;
 Conscience, Heav'n's Delegate in ev'ry Breast: 60
 By *Heav'n*, not *Priests*, and *Statesmen*, planted There;
 Since *Universal* is This Hope, and Fear;
 Common to All, the Learned, and the Rude;
 By the most Stupid to be understood;
 By no Philosophy to be subdued. 65
 What then does Conscience, but anticipate
 A future Judgment, and a future State?
Future; For Conscience frights us, or applauds,
 Consoles us, or with Stings, vindictive, goads;
 For Actions which Ourselves can only know, 70
 When Nought is fear'd, or hop'd for, Here below.

That God of Man takes Providential Care,
 From Prophecies and Miracles is clear.
 That such have been, 'tis Frenzy to deny;
 And makes all History one standing Lye. 75
 Shall Heav'n then for Mankind have such Regard;
 And yet their Deeds nor Punish, nor Reward?

As

Part II. J U D G M E N T.

37

As Lawgiver He must : All Laws are vain,
 Unless enforc'd with Pleasure, and with Pain.
 But 'tis experienc'd, if This World be All, 80
 His Laws have no such Guard : To stand, or fall,
 To be most Prosperous, or most Distress'd,
 Is common to the Worst, and to the Best.
 From hence 'tis prov'd we must to Judgment rise ;
 Or God, in Legislature, is not Wise. 85
 No, Thou reply'ft : 'Tis fit Mankind should *dread*
 Vengeance impending o'er each guilty Head ;
 That Heav'n should *threaten* — Not in fact *condemn* —
 But wilt thou Thus presumptuously blaspheme,
 That God can with a Falshood guard his Law ; 90
 And Truth itself speak Lyes, to keep the World in awe ?
 How oft is Vertue in This Life decry'd ;
 While Vice and Villany Triumphant ride ?
 A Time will therefore come, when Vertue crown'd
 Shall triumph, Justice Villany confound ; 95
 All things be set in their due, proper Light ;
 And the great Judge of all the World do Right.
 It must be so then, God will judge Mankind ;
 The Dead shall rise, the scatter'd Parts rejoin'd
 In human Bodys ; This fair Frame must burn, 100
 And Earth's vast Globe to Smoke and Ashes turn.

But first, with solemn Tragick Pomp, and State,
 To introduce This last great Scene of Fate ;
 Dire, horrible Prognofticks shall appear.
 For more, perhaps, than one preceding Year, 105
 (To God alone 'tis known how long Before,
 These Signs shall come ; Enquire not, but Adore :)
 Earthquakes in various Climates shall abound,
 And Subterraneous Thunder rend the Ground,
 The Earth, its Diffolution to foreshow, 110
 Shall stagger, like a Drunkard, to and fro :
 Cracking, and crashing, with a dreadful Shock,
 And bellowing Noise, the Mountains reel, and rock ;
 Great *Atlas*, whose high Top thick Darkness shrouds,
 And *Teneriff*, a League above the Clouds, 115
 Th' unbounded *Alps*, That endless Chain of Hills,
Alps pill'd on *Alps*, spoil'd of their living Rills
 Dry'd up, and strip'd of their eternal Snow,
 Roll rattling Fragments to their Feet below,
 Immeasurable Loads of massy Stone ; 120
 Nod their stiff Heads, and in Convulsions groan.
 Flames wreath'd with Smoke from burst Volcanos rise,
 And hurl their melted Bowels to the Skies :

VER. 108. to VER. 142. *Earthquakes in various Climates—
 saddens Day.*] Matth. xxiv. Mark xiii. Luke xxi.

VER. 110. 111. *The Earth—Shall stagger like a Drunkard.*] *Maj.* xxiv. 20.

Ev'n in the Ocean, from their lowest Caves,
 They rage, and boil with Fire its bubbling Waves. 125
 Loud roar the Seas; Thro' Nature Terrors spread;
 And Mortals Hearts o'er all the World with Dread
 Sink shudd'ring, and appal'd. With hideous Glare,
 Till now unseen, *strange* Lightnings whiz in Air;
 Lightnings, which lanc'd thro' cloudless Skys shall blaze,
 And without Thunder terribly amaze. 131

Thick Meteors, blue, and red, with dismal Light
 Shall trail along, and wound the Gloom of Night;
 The Pow'rs Celestial shake, Stars shooting fall
 Sudden from Heav'n, and singe This frightened Ball. 135
 Comets, which thro' th' Infinity of Space
 Have, Ages, roam'd, now meeting in one Place
 (So God ordains) unite their baleful Streams,
 And at each other shoot their fiery Gleams.
 The Moon withdraws her pale nocturnal Ray; 140
 The Sun, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n, in deep Dismay,
 Hangs like a Lump of Blood, and saddens Day. }

In Words like These, Himself, the Judge to come,
 Foretold *Jerusalem's* approaching Doom.

D 4

But

VER. 143. &c. In Words like These, &c.] Nothing can be more plain than that in those Predictions *Matth. xxiv. Mark. xiii. Luke xxi.* our Saviour had a View both to the Destruction of *Jerusalem,*

But so is the divine Prediction cast ; 145
 That in *Jerusalem's*, already past,
 We read the World's, all Nature's future End :
 Thus double Senses Truths sublimest blend.
 So Notes in Musick make with grateful Tone
 Harmonious Mixture of Two Sounds in One. 150
 Adorable Obscurity ! yet clear
 To Those, who search with Judgment, and with Fear,
 The Fear of God — In falling Stars He sings
 The falling Pow'rs of Empires, States, and Kings :
 “ How art Thou fall'n from Heav'n, O LUCIFER, 155
 “ Son of the Morn ! Thou once bright Orient Star !
 So sings the Noble Prophet, to foreshow
 The *Babylonian* Tyrant's Pride laid low.
 “ The Son of Man, in That tremendous Hour,
 “ Shall Come in Clouds, with Glory, and with Pow'r.
 That Coming mark'd his Vengeance on his Foes, 161
 The *Jews* ; Those Clouds, his Terrors and their Woes.
 Yet was not That his *only* Point in View ;
 The *World* no less is threaten'd, than the *Jew*,

In

Jerusalem, and the End of the World ; the One being a Type of the Other. Some Passages mean the First ; some the Second ; and some Both. This is partly prov'd, even Here in Verse. Much more might be said ; but This is not a Place for it.

VER. 155, 156. *How art thou fall'n, &c.*] *Isai. xiv. 12.*

In the same Phrase with different Meanings fraught; 165
 O Energy Divine! transcending mortal Thought!
 Those awful Words at length must be resolv'd
 Into the World's last Fate in them involv'd.
 Huge Balls of Fire, like Stars, shall drop from Heav'n:
 The JUDGE, attended by his glorious Sev'n, 170
 And other numberless Angelick Forms,
 Shall come with Clouds, in Whirlwinds, and in Storms.

Lo! He appears: As Lightning from the East
 Darted, shines instantaneous in the West;
 Sudden He comes. A Mighty Seraph dread 175
 Descends from Heav'n; a Rainbow round his Head;
 Pillars of Fire his Feet, his Face a Sun;
 Sev'n Thunders, e'er He speaks, his Voice forerun.
 This Foot on Sea he fixes, That on Land;
 And lifting high to Heav'n his ample Hand, 180
 " By the Eternal God Three-One I swear,
 " By whose omnific *Fiat* all Things are;
 " 'Tis

VER. 170. *Glorious Seven.*] Mention is made, in several Places of Scripture, of *seven Angels* in particular, distinguish'd from the rest. Thus in the *Revelation*, the *seven Angels* with *Trumpets*; and with the *Vials*. And *Tobit* xii. 15. *I am Raphael, one of the Seven holy Angels.*

VER. 173. *As Lightning from the East, &c.*] *Matth.* xxiv. &c.

VER. 175. *&c. A mighty Seraph, &c.*] *Rev.* x. 1. &c.

“ 'Tis past ; 'Tis finish'd ; Time shall be no more.

He ceases : The sev'n Thunders, closing, roar.

But Oh ! That last, That glorious, dreadful Scene, 185

Amazement ev'n of Angels, more of Men,

What Tongue of Man, or Angel can express ?

Striving to make it great, we make it less.

What we with Truth infallible believe,

No Words can utter, and no Thoughts conceive. 190

See God upon his Throne in Judgment sit ?

The Universe in Flames beneath his Feet ?

O Thou, our Judge Supreme (we trust in Thee)

Grant that with Joy That Glory we may see,

Which to describe our utmost Strength is faint ; 195

Nor feel those Terrors which we cannot paint.

The op'ning Heav'ns, in silent Dead of Night,

First shew an undistinguish'd Mass of Light ;

Which far outshines the Sun's meridian Rays :

All Human Kind at once upon it gaze, 200

Astonish'd, tho' forewarn'd. The Trumpet's Sound

Pierces the inmost Solid of the Ground,

And echoes to the Centre. Strait the Earth

Yields up its Dead to This new second Birth :

The Sea too yields up Those from ev'ry Wave, 205

Who in its Bosom found a liquid Grave.

From

From ev'ry Part of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
 The marshal'd Atoms orderly repair,
 To form the Bodies they at first compos'd ;
 The kindred Souls re-enter. Undisclos'd 210
 Is the great Myſtery *How* This is wrought ;
 But Pow'r Divine ſurpaſſes human Thought.
 Aſk not the *Manner* of This Riſing State :
 He ſurely can *reſtore*, who could *create*.
 The Saints who ſleep in Chriſt ſhall firſt revive ; 215
 They, and the Saints who Then are found alive,
 With Children white in ſpotleſs Innocence,
 By Guardian Angels ſhall be ſnatch'd from hence,
 Escape the gen'ral Fire, and never die,
 Caught up to meet their Saviour in the Sky : 220
 There ſtand before Him, in bright Order rang'd ;
 All ſhall not Sleep, but All muſt needs be Chang'd ;
 Immortal, and Incorruptible made ;
 The Good for Happineſs, for Pains the Bad.
Theſe, ev'n while ſtanding at the Judgment-Seat, 225
 Shall feel the Conflagration's ſcorching Heat ;

Shriek

VER. 215 — 220. *The Saints who Sleep, &c. Caught up, &c.*]
 1 Theſ. iv. 16, 17.

VER. 222. *All ſhall not ſleep, &c.*] 1 Cor. xv. 51.

Shriek in the World's last flaming Fun'ral Pyre,
And pass from Earth's to Hell's tremendous Fire.

All now or Ris'n, or Chang'd, the Bad, the Good;
Again the Trumpet sounds; Well understood 230
By God's bright Host: Who from That Mass of Light
First indistinct, now open to the Sight.
In radiant Files stand rank'd their dazzling Lines;
Full in their Front the great MESSIAH shines:
Yet so, that He in part his Glory shrouds 235
With thickest Darkness, and a Night of Clouds.
Insufferable Splendor, circling Beams
Dart from his Head, and shoot in pointed Streams.
Ineffably Divine, with mingled Grace
Mercy and Justice striving in his Face, 240
Awful he sits on his Tribunal high;
The *Crosse* expanded reddens Half the Sky:
That Banner from the silver Staff unfurl'd,
Floats, wav'd by Cherubs, o'er the trembling World.
All Eyes are fix'd on HIM, on HIM alone: 245
Tho' Thousand Thousand Angels round his Throne
Minister duteous; and on either Hand
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand near Him stand.

And

VER. 246. — 248. *Thousand* — *Ten Thousand* — &c.] Dan.
vii. 10. Rev. v. 11.

Part II. J U D G M E N T.

45

And is This He, on *Calvary* who dy'd ?
 He, who for Milk in *Bethlem's* Stable cry'd ? 250
 Yes, Unbelieving *Jew* ; 'Tis He, the Same ;
 Who dy'd indeed, but from high Heav'n first came.
 He, who, when Foxes in their Dens could rest,
 And ev'ry Bird of Air enjoy'd its Nest,
 Had No-where to repose his weary Head ; 255
 And, feeding Thousands, was himself unfed.
 But tremble Thou ; who Nail'd him to the Tree,
 Who pierc'd his Hands and Feet — Lo ! This is He,
 Who, after That curs'd Death, That humble Birth,
 “ Ariseth to shake terribly the Earth. 260

Now All in wond'ring Expectation gaze ;
 All Things dispos'd to light the last great Blaze.
 The Just, with Hopes exalted to the Height,
 Lift up their Heads, and their Redemption wait.
 Pale stand the Sinners, trembling, and aghast, 265
 Fearing the Future, conscious of the Past.
 A solemn Pause, and Silence most profound
 Ensues. At length th' ethereal Trumpet's Sound

Again

VER. 253, 254. *He, who, when Foxes, &c.*] Matth. viii. 20.

VER. 256. *And feeding — unfed.*] He was not so probably,
 when He fed those Thousands : But he was often so at other
 Times.

VER. 260. *Ariseth to shake, &c.*] Isai. ii. 19, 21.

Again the infinite Assembly wakes ;
 And Earth a third time to its Centre shakes. 270
 A gen'ral Shout the Saints and Angels raise
 (Millions of Millions !) to MESSIAH'S Praise :
 " Let God arise ; and scatter'd be his Foes.
 The yawning Caves their fuel'd Stores disclose ;
 Exploded Thunders thro' the Welkin roll, 275
 And fork'y Light'nings flash from Pole to Pole :
 Pillars of ruddy Smoke obscure the Sun ;
 And now the Wreck of Nature is begun.
 The hideous Burst of Cannon heard so far,
 And all the loud-mouth'd Engin'ry of War, 280
 When fierce BELLONA swells her brazen Voice,
 Is deepest Silence to This dreadful Noise.
 Disgorging Sheets of Flame, and molten Ore,
 Ten Thousand *Ætnas*, and *Vesuvios* roar.
 Huge Globes of Fire drop piece-meal from the Skies, 285
 And meet the Fires which from Volcanos rise.
 The blazing Deluge hisses in the Floods,
 Pours o'er the Plains, and thunders thro' the Woods.
 Woods of immense Extent, of tall, tough Oak,
 Which nor of Time, nor Light'ning, fear'd the Stroke,
 Solid,

Part II. J U D G M E N T. 47

Solid, as if they never could decay, 291
 Burnt like dry Shrubs, or Stubble, shrink away :
 Less sudden disappears a Field of Corn,
 When by the Wind the flying Flames are borne.
 Th' exhausted Rivers vanish with the Heat ; 295
Volga, and *Indus*, and *Danubius*, great,
Ganges, *Euphrates*, *Nile*, deep, rapid, strong,
 Which rather Seas, than Rivers, foam along,
 So many Ages fam'd, their Country's Boast,
 Absorb't, devour'd, are in a Moment lost. 300
 An *Universal Earthquake* rocks the Ball ;
 And Towns, and Cities in one Ruin fall.
 Why name I These, the trifling Works of Art,
 And human Labour ? See the Earth dispart
 Its riven Jaws : What Terror to behold 305
 Metallick Torrents in red Billows roll'd !
 Myriads of Sulph'rous Mines together sprung,
 And to the Stars vast rocky Fragments flung !
 Vast Rocks, which could the Weight of Citys bear,
 Like spongy Pumice-Cinders, twirl'd in Air ! 310
 The Ocean, whether Continents, or Isles
 It washes, like a burning Cauldron boils :
 Ev'n the great Deep, of Waters almost dry'd,
 With Streams of liquid Metals is supply'd :

In

In the mid Sea those livid Surges roar ; 315
And falling Mountains rattle from the Shore.

Amidst This wild Combustion, and the Crush
Of lab'ring Nature ; while to Ruin rush
The warring Elements ; All now prepar'd,
Once more the Trumpet's Clangor shrill is heard : 320
The Summons sounds ; " To Judgment All ; Appear,
" Ye Sons of Men ; your final Sentence hear.
The Books are open'd ; Rang'd on either hand,
Th' Accusing, and Defending Angels stand :
Those, fall'n, Apostate Angels, Fiends of Night — 325
These, Sons of purest, and ethereal Light,
Benevolent to Man, would plead his Cause :
But still from Thee, from Thee his Hope He draws,
Great SAVIOUR : Do not Now Thy Mercy grudge ;
Be Thou our ADVOCATE, as well as JUDGE ; 330
Or Oh ! we perish — Yet not Judge alone
Is He, tho' Chief : Assessors of his Throne,
Beside him, and behind, and at his Feet,
The Noble Army of the Martyrs fit ;
Patriarchs, Apostles, Prophets ; all That Host, 335
Who for their Saviour did, and suffer'd most,

Now

Now with Himself (oh ! how great Honour !) join'd
 Sit on inferior Thrones, and judge Mankind.
 The Rest, in Vertue far beneath them, come
 To take their Trial, and receive their Doom : 340

Of Such, as Representative of All,
 Imagine One, obedient to the Call,
 Answering for Himself: Awhile He stands
 Silent, and lifts to Heav'n his suppliant Hands;
 Then bows before the Throne with bended Knees, 345
 And renders his Account in Words like These.

Thy Servant, Lord, e'er he prefers his *Plea*,
 Urges Thy gracious *Pardon*. If from Thee
 I have no Hope, in Judgment I am Cast:
 To be but *Object* of Thy *Pardon* pass'd, 350
 Is all the *Merit* I presume to plead.

By Passions, and Infirmities misl'd,
 Oft I offended thro' Surprise, or Fear ;
 Nay sometimes Wilful did my Crimes appear,
 Yet of Malicious Sinning always clear. 355

E

Oft

VER. 338. *Sit on — Thrones, and judge, &c.*] See Matth. xix. 28. I Cor. vi. 23. and the Commentators upon those Places.

VER. 346. *And renders his Account, &c.*] See Lord Chief Justice Hale's *Account of the Good Steward*. Contemplations Moral, and Divine. VOL. I.

Oft did my Soul receive a Blot, and Stain ;
 Seduc'd to Guilt by Pleasure, and by Pain.
 Sore by the Flesh beset, I greatly fail'd :
 And yet, I trust, the Spirit chief prevail'd.
 In Thoughts, in Words, in Deeds, I did offend ; 360
 But 'tis my Hope, REPENTANCE interven'd
 'Twixt Me, and Justice ; blest REPENTANCE, crown'd
 With REFORMATION, which maintain'd its Ground.
 The *Talents*, to my Lot by Thee assign'd,
 Of Nature, Fortune, Body, Grace, and Mind, 365
 I have improv'd Industrious ; to my Trust
 Faithful, and acting like a Steward just :
 Improv'd them (as it was thy Will I shou'd)
 To Thy own Glory, and my Brethrens Good.
 Zeal for Thy Honour did my Soul inflame, 370
 Zeal for Thy Church, Thy Sabbath, and Thy Name.
 Yet not a Zeal fierce, rapid, or unru'd ;
 But check'd by Prudence, and with Reason cool'd.
 From Sacrilegious Rapine I was free,
 And in thy Priests and Servants, robb'd not Thee. 375
 Thy

VER. 364. *The Talents, &c.*] For the Parable of the *Talents* read Matth. xxv. Luke xix.

VER. 375. *Robb'd not Thee.*] See Malach. iii. 8.

Part II. J U D G M E N T.

51

Thy Priests, as Thy blest'd Work They did partake,
 I lov'd, and reverenc'd, for their Labour's sake.
 Religious Schisms with Tears I did lament,
 And Factions, which Thy mystic Body rent.
 With holy Fear I read Thy sacred Word ; 380
 And where I could not understand, ador'd :
 To Faith made Reason bow, with pious Awe ;
 And Night and Day enjoy'd Thy heav'nly Law.
 Sweeter than Honey was it to my Taste ;
 Delicious, exquisite, divine Repast. 385
 Thy Book of Nature too both Day and Night
 I read, and study'd with sincere Delight :
 Thy Wonders of Creation ! — How they raise
 Our Admiration, and transcend our Praise !
 What Love, what Rev'rence must Thy Works inspire, 390
 Ev'n Now, tho' burning in This dreadful Fire !
 Redemption ! — Providence ! — But 'tis too long —
 And interrupted stops my fault'ring-Tongue.
 Thy House I still frequented ; on the Bread
 Of Life devoutly at Thy Altar fed ; 395

E 2

(That

VER. 376. 377. *Thy Priests — Labour's sake.* 1 Theff. v.
 12, 13.
 VER. 383. *And Night, and Day enjoy'd, &c.* Psal. i. 2.
 VER. 384. *Sweeter than Honey, &c.* Psal. cxix. 103.

(That heav'nly Manna! more than Angels' Food!)
 And, while I drank Thy Sacramental Blood,
 Bewail'd Those Sins, which Thy blest Temples dy'd,
 And drew the precious Torrent from Thy Side.
 In Publick, and in Privacy, Thy Aid 400
 I ever begg'd, and without ceasing Pray'd.
 By Charity's celestial Guidance led,
 I cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed :
 Unmov'd I never heard the Wretched groan ;
 To many liberal, unjust to None. 405
 Provok'd by Malice, Fraud, Ingratitude,
 Receiving Evil in return for Good,
 I lov'd my worst of Foes ; and ev'n Now crave
 To be forgiv'n, as I myself forgave.
 My Tongue, as with a Bridle, I restrain'd ; 410
 And studious from all evil Words refrain'd :
 Would never aught profane, or leud have writ,
 For all the Fame that e'er was gain'd by Wit.
 I scorn'd Ambition, lov'd obscure Retreat ;
 And never would be Little, to be Great. 415
 That shining Dirt call'd Gold I still despis'd,
 By Others hoarded, and so highly priz'd :

By

 VER. 401. *Without ceasing pray'd.*] 1 Theff. v. 17.

 VER. 409. *To be forgiv'n, as I myself, &c.*] Lord's Prayer.

 VER. 410. *My Tongue, as with a Bridle, &c.*] Psal. xxxix. 2.

By fordid Avarice was ne'er enslav'd ;
And thought not Wealth was giv'n us, to be sav'd.
To save my Soul, not Money, was my Care : 420
Yet of Profusion's Guilt no less aware,
I stor'd for Those, whom God, and Nature made
Dependant on my Providence, and Aid.
If Passions did my mortal Frame disturb ;
Yet Reason check'd them with restraining Curb. 425
Thy Gifts with chearful Temperance I us'd,
Not to Excess, or Luxury abus'd :
Did from unlawful Pleasures wholly swerve,
And ev'n of lawful tasted with Reserve.
Tho' strongly tempted by soft Beauty's Charms, 430
I never touch'd a Prostitute's foul Arms ;
But us'd my Body, as the Temple pure
Of Him, who no Pollution can endure :
Reflecting, that Temptations gave the Price
To Vertue, as they never cancel'd Vice. 435
In lowly, humble Thoughts I liv'd, and dy'd ;
Wond'ring what wretched *Man* could mean by *Pride*.
Whate'er in Me was Good was Thine alone ;
My Sins, and Follies only were my own.

E 3

Thus,

Thus, Lord, Thy Servant (This is the Amount) 440
 Of his past Actions renders the Account ;
 Vile in the Worst, Defective in the Best :
 But let Thy Blood, and Merits plead the rest.

He ceases, bowing low. MESSIAH smiles,
 Gracious : The Ocean, hush'd, in silence boils : 445
 The Mountains intermit their roaring Noise,
 And listen to their Great Creator's Voice :
 Thro' all the Globe the fierce devouring Fires
 Soften their Rage, and bend their humbled Spires ;
 Earth, Air, and Sea, their universal Wrecks 450
 Suspend ; while Thus th' Incarnate Godhead speaks.

“ Well done, Thou Good, and Faithful Servant ; Well
 Thou hast thyself acquitted : Come, and dwell
 With Me, in Happiness without Alloy ;
 “ Enter into thy Lord's eternal Joy. 455
 From Me (with Comfort view thy Judge's Face)
 Where Justice *must* not, Mercy *will* take place.
 Come All, whose Vertue, like His, stedfast found,
 And to the last enduring, kept its Ground.
 “ Receive, Ye Blessed, Your adjudg'd Reward ; 460
 “ Receive the Kingdom long for You prepar'd,
 “ Ev'n

VER. 452. to 466. *Well done, Thou good, and faithful, &c.* —
Like never'd Goats.] Matth. xxv. 21, 33, 34.

" Ev'n when the World's Foundations first were laid
 By Me, who Now destroy what Then I made.
 These are my Sheep, select on my Right hand :
 For Those who on my Left secluded stand, 465
 Like sever'd Goats ; the Lustful, the Unjust,
 The Covetous, th' Unfaithful to their Trust ;
 Th' Unmerciful, the Perjur'd, the Prophane,
 The Hypocrites, whose Godliness was Gain ;
 Those who Lies lov'd and made, and Lies believ'd, 470
 Deceiving Others, and Themselves deceiv'd :
 Th' Intemperate, th' Outrageous, Fierce, and Proud :
 Nor These alone, whose Crimes to Heav'n cry'd loud ;
 But lower Sinners, Those whose Vices, laid
 In Ballance, their small Vertue far outweigh'd ; 475
 The Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards in God's Cause ;
 The partial, slight Observers of his Laws ;
 The Indevout, the Lax, the Negligent,
 Who Time's rich Talent in vain Trifles spent ;
 Those who some Vices, but not all, forbore, 480
 Lov'd God a little, but the World much more :

E 4

All

VER. 470, 471 — *Lies lov'd, and made — Deceiving — and deceiv'd.* Rev. xxii. 15. 2 Tim. iii. 13.

VER. 476. — *Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards, &c.* Rev. iii. 16. xxi. 8.

VER. 481. *Lov'd God a little, but the World, &c.* 2 Tim. iii. 4.

All These, since dead in Trespases they dy'd,
 Heav'n's Wrath, and righteous Vengeance must abide.
 All know th' *Excuses* they would plead, to screen
 Their Guilts : But how fallacious, weak, and thin ? 485
Temptations press'd them — Had it not been so ;
 What *Vertue* could they have propos'd to show ?
 Eternal Bliss were sure too cheaply bought ;
 If gain'd for Doing, and for Suff'ring *Nought* ;
 Were Punishment to *such Sins* only due, 490
 As *vicious* Human Nature *rarely* knew :
 The Poor's Profuseness, th' Unprovok'd man's Rage,
 The Avarice of Youth, the Lust of Age :
 Tho' to the World ev'n These were not unknown ;
 And what can for a Guilt like This atone ? 495
 When by *Infirmities* they were betray'd ;
 Was not *my Strength* sufficient for their Aid ?
 But did they not reject my proffer'd Grace,
 And hurl my Gifts into the Giver's Face ?
 Did not That faithful Witness in each Breast, 500
 CONSCIENCE, against their wicked Lives protest ;
 And warn them that, however they *excus'd*
 Their Crimes, they *willfully* Themselves abus'd ?

Infinite

VER. 482. *Dead in Trespases, &c.*] Ephes. ii. 1.
 VER. 497. *My Strength sufficient* —] 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Infinite is, They said, *Gods, Mercy*: True;
 But *infinite* is not his *Justice* too? 505
Mercy, tho' *infinite*, cannot be shown
 To Sinners, who are capable of None,
 Th^r *Impenitent*. — But why did God make Those,
 Who, He foreknew, must suffer *endless Woes*?
 And why would'st Thou attempt, presumptuous Man, 510
 To grasp *Infinity* with Thy short Span?
 Tho' This Thou canst not comprehend; God can.
 To be forever Happy, He made *All*:
 But needs must make them *free* to stand, or fall.
 Else, where were *Vertue*, and *Reward*? Some stood, 515
 But not *necessitated* to be Good.
 Some fell; but *free* to stand; Their Fault their Own;
 Whom can they blame then, but Themselves alone?
 However; Who has aught to plead, may speak —
 I hear not One the guilty Silence break. 520
 Thus much; that God in Judgment might appear
 Most Righteous, and of all Injustice clear.
 But who are They, distinguish'd from the Rest?
 SCOFFERS; who turn'd my *Gospel* into Jest:
 Who

VER. 521, 522. That God in Judgment — Most righteous, &c.]
 Psal. li. 4.

Who thought, against *right Reason's* sober Rules, 525
 That *Thinking freely* was to *Think like Fools*.
 They understood not *Mysterys*: Demand
 Of Them who list, what *did* they understand?
 Had *Nature* not her *Mysterys*, unknown
 To Them? Why must *Religion* then have none? 530
 God's *Revelations* always were Their Scorn:
 How will his righteous Judgment now be borne,
 When God from Heav'n, not Now at least conceal'd,
 In flaming Fire, and Vengeance is *reveal'd*?
 See how they gnash their Teeth, and rend their Hair, 535
 In all the Pangs of Malice and Despair:
Malice against their *Saviour*, whom they brav'd;
 Who would have sav'd them, would they have been sav'd.
 An Isle there was in *Europe* (late so nam'd)
 My Fav'rite once, for pure Religion fam'd: 540
 There These Apostate Miscreants, in an Age
 The most corrupt, against Me belch'd their Rage.
 At the same time, t' adore the Temp'ral Pow'rs,
 (As if Their Grandeur greater were than Ours)
 Industrious They employ'd their utmost Skill: 545
 From the same venal prostituted Quill

The

VER. 533, 534. *When God from Heaven — In flaming Fire —*
reveal'd.] 2 Theff. ii. 7, 8.

The Atheism, and the Panegyrick stream'd :
 The GREAT MEN *flatter'd*, the GREAT GOD *blasphem'd*.
 By These, had I again came down from Heav'n,
 And Pow'r, like PILATE's, had to Them been giv'n, 550
 I had again with Shame, and Tortures dy'd ;
 Again been Spit on, Scourg'd, and Crucify'd.
 A moral, vertuous Heathen, born, and bred
 In unfought Ignorance, has much to plead ;
 May hope for some Reward, tho' None is due, 555
 And blefs my Merits, which He never knew :
 But a Baptiz'd, a Christian Infidel ! ———
 Where can He have his Portion, but in Hell ?
 Ye Wicked All, Your Sentence now attend ;
 Who fin'd on, Unrepentant to the End. 560
 'Tis pass'd : You have outlood the Day of Grace ;
 Where Mercy *cannot*, Justice *must* take place.
 " Depart, Ye Cursed, into endless Fire ;
 " To Sulph'rous Flames which never shall expire :
 " Go ; find in Hell, for Them, and You prepar'd, 565
 " With SATAN, and his Crew, your just Reward.
 Be This the Doom of All who dy'd in Vice :
 But Those, my more *Emphatic* Enemys,

Who

Who against *Mine* did SATAN'S Cause *maintain*,

“ And would not I their King should o'er them reign, 570

Must be preferr'd before the Rest: Let Those

Who with *cool, reasoning* Malice were my Foes,

Obdur'd Apostates, in Hell's *deepest Pit*

Enjoy their fam'd Philosophy, and Wit;

There feel HIS Vengeance, to confound their Pride, 575

Whose *Godhead*, and whose *Gospel* they deny'd.

Th' Assessors, to his Voice assenting, rise:

Unnumber'd Hallelujahs shake the Skys:

Hofannahs infinite, the Heav'ns around,

Like many Waters, and loud Thund'rings, sound. 580

“ Great, marvellous, are all thy Works of Praise;

“ And just, and true, O King of Saints, Thy Ways:

Thy Glory (All Thy Sentence must approve)

Triumphs in Hell below, in Heaven above;

And shines no less in Vengeance, than in Love. 585

Think Thou, who shalt peruse This serious Verse,

What Arrows at That Hour, thy Soul shall pierce,

If

VER. 568, 570. *My — Enemy, Who would not I their King, &c.*] Luke. xix. 27.

VER. 580. *Like many Waters, and loud Thund'rings, &c.*] Rev. xix. 6.

VER. 581, 582. *Great, marvellous, &c. And just, and true, &c.*] Rev. xv. 3.

Part II. J U D G M E N T.

61

If guilty it be found: And Oh! take care
Thy self for That Tribunal to prepare.
Nor be too certain, that the Time unknown 590

Is many Ages distant from our own.
Whoe'er observes the little Faith on Earth,
Would think the wond'rous Period near its Birth.
Ourselves perhaps, not fated to expire,
May in These Bodies see the World on fire; 595

Hear the last Trumpet sound, commanded meet
The Coming Judge, and tremble at his Feet.
Thy Death, however, (and That soon must come)
Is in effect to Thee the Day of Doom.
Meditate much on This: for Me too pray, 600
That I unterrify'd may see That Day;
That Both our truest Int'rest may discern,
" And, teaching Others, I myself may learn. *

'Tis not to Talk, and Preach, and Write, but Live,
That THEN will solid Peace, and Comfort give. 605
Should One, like HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON, rise,
To set the last Great Day before our Eyes;
To make us Chaste, Sincere, Religious, Just,
Yet be Himself enthrall'd to Vice, and Lust;

Perish

VER. 592, 593. — *The little Faith — Would think —*] Luke.
xviii. 8.

* SILVESTER'S *Dubartas*.

Perish would He, tho' Others He might Save : 610
And, having pass'd thro' DEATH's strait Gate, the Grave,
See *Them* in highest HEAV'N, *Himself* in HELL;
And *rue* That JUDGMENT, which He *sung* so well.

H E A V E N.

H E A V E N.

The ARGUMENT.

IMPOSSIBLE for Us in This World to form a Just Idea of the Glory, and Happiness of the Next. Sufficient for us to know, that it is perfect, and eternal Happiness. The Holy Scriptures, however, have given us some Glimpse, or faint Prospect of it. The New Jerusalem, as describ'd by St. JOHN in the xxi, and xxii Chapters of the Revelation. A farther Poetical Description of Heaven. Allowable in Us to delineate it by the Things which are seen Here; since God Himself does so. The BEATIFIC VISION glanc'd at, and pass'd over for the present. Degrees of Glory, and Happiness; Yet all that are in Heaven completely happy. No Envy There. Charity remains There; tho' Faith and Hope are extinct. Wherein consists the Happiness of the Blessed. In praising God. In Knowledge. In the BEATIFIC VISION. That enlarged upon. Wherein it consists. The Ideal World. Seeing God, as He is. The Mystery of the Trinity reveal'd. Seemingly repugnant Attributes reconcil'd. The most eminent Persons There. Martyrs; Patriarchs; Prophets; Apostles; The Blessed Virgin. Famous, learned, and pious Clergymen. Laic Divines, who defended Christianity. Good Kings. Founders of Colleges; especially in Oxford, and Cambridge. Benefactors to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. Queen ANNE; especially for her Bounty to the Clergy. Founders of Hospitals in London. The peculiar Excellence of Charity. Pious Statesmen, and Patriots. Promiscuously, all the Vertuous, and Good. What it is to be truly Good. Christians, who differ'd in Opinion Here, may yet meet in Heaven Hereafter. Vertuous Heathens may be sav'd. More upon the Happiness of Heaven. God's amazing Goodness in so immensely rewarding so inconsiderable a Service. Without being Holy Here, we cannot, in the Nature of Things, be Happy Hereafter.

P A R T III.

H E A V E N.

THE great Apostle, in his ravish'd Breast
 Extatic, with Celestial Visions blest,
 Rapt into Heav'n, had of its Joys a Taste ;
 (O! how he wish'd it might forever last !)
 There Things ineffable He heard, and saw ; 5
 To utter them transcended Nature's Law.
 How then shall We, in Darknes, to whose View
 That Curtain for a Moment ne'er withdrew,
 Clog'd with thick Clay, whom Walls of Flesh immure,
 Find Words to paint a Bliss divinely pure ; 10
 Which, tho' with Truth infallible believ'd,
 Eye hath not seen, Ear heard, nor mortal Thought conceiv'd ?
 Suffice it Us, to cheer us on our Way,
 That Heav'n is Happiness without Allay ;
 F Perfect,

VER. 1. *The great Apostle, &c.*] 2 Cor. xii. 2, &c. *I knew a Man in Christ, &c.* St. Paul certainly speaks of Himself ; as is allow'd by Every body.

VER. 12. *Eye hath not seen, &c.*] 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Perfect, Complete, Eternal, Happiness; 15
More cannot be; and Heav'n affords no less.

Ev'n Here, tho' through a Glass we dimly gaze,
Nor see as yet our Maker face to face;
Some Glimpse th' inspir'd Prophetick Pages give
Of That blest Life which There the Just shall live. 20
The Saint, who saw th' *Apocalypse*, beheld
(What Wonders to his Transports were reveal'd !)
The Holy City, New *Jerusalem*,
Which needed not the Son's enliv'ning Beam :
God's Glory, and the LAMB's wide-spreading Light 25
More than supply'd the Sun, and shone more bright.
The Church Triumphant There in Bliss shall reign ;
No more of Death, of Sickness, Fear, or Pain ;
No Sighs, no Wailings, no complaining Crys ;
All Tears are wip'd forever from their Eyes. 30
Nought, but sincerest Joys, they There shall know ;
Nor dread the Storms which grumbled Here below :

But

VER. 17, 18. — *Through a Glass — face to face.*] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

VER. 21 — to Ver. 75. *The Saint — never cloy.*] See Rev. xxi. throughout, and Chap. xxii. to Ver. 6. From which This Description is taken ; one Design of the inspir'd Writer is undoubtedly to delineate, in a prophetic, and mystical manner, the State of the Church here on Earth. But it has likewise (as most learned Commentators agree) a View to the Church Triumphant in Heaven.

But breathe an Ether pure, and most refin'd :
 No longer shall the Soul to Earth be join'd ;
 Nor cumbrous Flesh weigh down the musing Mind. 35 }
 City of God ! (Thy Glories may we see !)
 Things very excellent are spoke of Thee.
 Deck'd like a Bride, all brilliant She shall shine,
 For her Celestial Spouse, with Gems divine.
 The City, built by God, not made with Hands, 40
 On twelve strong Jewels, rais'd as Pillars stands.
 Diverse the Saphir, Ruby, Em'rald blaze ;
 The rest shoot forth their diff'rent-colour'd Rays.
 Emboss'd on These, the *Twelve Apostles'* Names,
 From the twelve dazling Jewels dart their Flames. 45
 Less beamy, swelling in their Lustre, shone
Urim, and *Thummim*, when, his Pect'ral on,

F 2

Those

VER. 35. *Nor cumbrous Flesh weigh down, &c.*] Wisd. ix. 15.

VER. 36, 37. *City of God — Things very excellent.*] Psal. lxxxvii. 3.

VER. 40. — *Built by God, not made with Hands.*] 2 Cor. v. 1.

VER. 47. *Urim, and Thummim, &c.*] Exod. xxviii. 30.

Urim means Fire, and Light ; *Thummim*, Perfection. They were precious Stones, in the Pectoral, or Breast-plate of AARON, and the High-Priests his Successors. When God was consulted by it, the Protuberancy, and bright Shining of the Jewels shew'd an Answer in the Affirmative ; the Contrary in the Negative ; according to JOSEPHUS, and Others. But I have not Time (nor does my Subject require it) to be more particular upon This difficult Point.

Those precious Stones enrich'd the mystick Vest,
 And sparkled Oracles from AARON's Breast.
 Quadrangular, of Jasper, great, and tall, 50
 Distinct with Turrets, stands the radiant Wall.
 Twelve Gates of Pearl uplift their Heads on high,
 Inscrib'd the *Tribes of Israel*; thro' the Sky
 Disperse a mild, refreshing Light around ;
 And op'd, or shut, on Diamond Hinges found. 55
 At Each a beauteous Cherub Sentry waits ;
 Twelve Angels watch the twelve pellucid Gates.
 The Streets, of Gold transparent, clear as Glafs,
 Illume the heav'nly People, as they pass.
 Clearer than Crystal, thro' the Centre roll'd 60
 On Gravel of smooth Pearl, and Sand of Gold,
 Proceeding from the LAMB's, and GOD's fix'd Throne
 (GOD, and the LAMB, Those great Mysterious One !)
 A River, nam'd *Life's River*, gently flows :
 The *Tree of Life* fast by its Margin grows ; 65
 Transplanted Hither from fair *Eden's* Soil,
 When first fall'n Man was doom'd to Death, and Toil.
 Twelve Fruits, which, one each Month, it's Branches bear,
 With various Hue discriminate the Year.
 No longer are the Passes to it barr'd ; 70
 Nor waves the flaming Sword ; nor Cherubs guard.

VER. 71. *Nor waves, &c. Nor Cherubs, &c.*] Gen. iii. last Ver.

Part III.

H E A V E N.

69

The blest Inhabitants, with License free,
 From the Life-giving River, and the Tree,
 Drink, and eat, Immortality, and Joy ;
 Delights, which always fill, and never cloy.

75

The *Tree of Knowledge* too is now no more
 Prohibited ; but, as it shines all o'er
 With Fruit inviting to the rich Repast,
 Carrys not Death, but Life, to All that taste.

God's City This : That Name to It is giv'n ;
 The great Metropolis, and Court of Heav'n.

80

Yet Cities more, unnumber'd, Here have place,
 Thick, scatter'd thro' the wide Empyrial Space :
 All glorious, shining all with outstretch'd Rays,
 Reflecting on each other Blaze for Blaze ;

85

Peopled by Saints, and Angels : Yet All come
 To This, as to their chief celestial Home,
 Free Denizens. Nor less are These Abodes,

Seats of innumerable little Gods,
 Diversify'd with loveliest Rural Scenes,

90

Plains, Mountains, Valleys, everlasting Greens ;

F 3

Endless

VER. 76. *The Tree of Knowledge, &c.*] For the *Tree of Knowledge*, as well as the *Tree of Life* ; See Gen. ii. and iii.

VER. 83. *Empyrial.*] *Empyrial*, and *Empyrean* (Ver. 155,) mean the *biggest Heaven*, beyond the *biggest Stars*, &c.

Endless Variety of Dales, and Hills,
 Woods, Groves, Lawns, Rivers, Brooks, and murm'ring Rills:
 God's Praises they resound in fragrant Bow'rs,
 And Fields enamel'd with immortal Flow'rs; 95
 Hold sweetest Converse under pendant Shades;
 And hear soft Musick warble thro' the Glades.

Alas! how vain is This Poetick Paint,
 Fancy's fond Imag'ry! how weak, how faint!
 What is with Innocence delightful Here 100
 We raise to Heav'n, and dream it must be There.
 Perhaps it may ——— But whether So, or Not;
 'Tis That, or Better ——— what no human Thought
 Can figure, or conceive: Be This our Stay,
 " That Heav'n is Happiness without Allay; 105
 " Perfect, Complete, Eternal Happiness;
 " More cannot Be, and Heav'n affords no Less.

Yet God himself, by Revelation giv'n,
 Has so delineated our future Heav'n;
 That, while we look thro' This corporeal Screen, 110
 The Things we see should shadow Things unseen:
 Rivers of Pleasures — Banquets — Diadems —
 Magnific Buildings — Thrones — White Robes — and Gems —
 It Now *appears not What we Then shall be*;
 But This we know; that God we There *shall see*. 115

O VISION BEATIFIC! O what Bliss!

See God Himself! and *see Him as He is!*

This too we know, that, chang'd by Pow'r Divine,

Our Bodys glorify'd like Stars shall shine:

But not alike — As Stars, tho' All shine bright, 120

Differ in Glory, and Degrees of Light;

So shall th' ethereal Bodys of the Blest:

Yet *Envy* There can harbour in no Breast;

Envy by mutual Love is quite suppress'd.

Each other's Happiness they All enjoy; 125

But Envy would their Happiness destroy.

Like the Angelick Orders shall be ours;

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow'rs:

These high, Those low, These greater, and Those less;

Yet All in full, consummate Happiness. 130

From This Subordination Beauty springs;

And Harmony, the gen'ral *Mind* of Things.

F 4

Were

VER. 114, 115, — 117. *It now appears not — But this we know — See Him as He is.*] 1 John. iii. 2.

VER. 119, — 122. *Our Bodies glorify'd like Stars, &c. of the Blest.*] 1 Cor. xv. 41, 42.

VER. 128. *Thrones, Dominations, &c.*] Col. i. 16. The Word *Vertues* is not in the Text. But That is immaterial. The Verse is MILTON'S; in many Places of his *Paradise Lost*. It expresses the several Orders of *Angels*.

Were a Lyre's Strings of equal Size, and Tone ;
 Sound there might be, but Musick could be none :
 Th' harmonious Discord would be lost, That Soul, 135
 That sweet Result, and Issue of the Whole.
 Thus in *unequal Orbs* the Saints shall move ;
 Yet All roll round in That *First Mover*, LOVE.
 Love! Charity! Heav'n's dearest, darling Guest,
 Forever blessing, and forever blest ; 140
 Thou hast a whole Eternity in store,
 When holy Faith, and Hope shall be no more :
 Hope in Fruition, Faith in Vision lost ;
 Immortal Thou shalt reign thro' Heav'n's bright Host.
 As yet abide Faith, Hope, sweet Charity ; 145
 The Last, ev'n Here, the greatest of the Three :
 There of the Three the Last alone shall live,
 And ever-during Joys receive, and give.
 So in Man's wond'rous Frame three Souls are wrought ;
 For Vegetation, This ; That, Sense ; That, Thought ; 150
 (Faith

VER. 138. *Yet All roll round in That First Mover, &c.*] According to the ancient Astronomy (the *Ptolemaic System*) the *Primum Mobile* (*First Moveable*, and *Mover*) whirls round in its Orbit all the Stars, of all Magnitudes ; tho' they have different Orbits, and Motions of their own.

VER. 139. — to VER. 148. *Love! Charity — receive, and give.*] See 1 Cor. xiii. throughout.

VER. 149. *Three Souls.*] The *Vegetative*, the *Sensitive*, and the *Rational* ; according to the ancient Philosophy.

(Faith vegetates all Vertues, Hope gives Taste
 To all) These die, when This short Life is past:
 Only the Intellectual, Thinking Soul
 Mounts up, and soars above the starry Pole;
 The Empyrean's dazzling Summit gains, 155
 And high in Heav'n to endless Ages reigns.

There, What shall be her Task? The *Godhead's Praise*;
 Theme inexhaustible of sacred Lays.
 Prostrate before his holy Hill, his Throne,
 They sing His Glory, and improve their Own. 160

Knowledge forever growing, and improv'd,
 Knowledge, by Men with so much Passion lov'd,
 The Minds of the Beatify'd shall bless
 Still more; No Fear of Surfeit, or Excess.
 The Understanding, Appetite, and Will, 165
 Tho' resting on their Object, farther still,
 Farther, and farther, infinitely tend,
 Thro' long Eternity; no Bound, no End:

Objects

VER. 166. *Tho' resting on their object, farther, &c.*] It may be ask'd; If they rest upon their Object, how can they tend farther? I answer; They rest upon their general object; knowing they shall always be satisfy'd in the *Main*; and yet are perpetually entertain'd with new, fresh, particular Objects.

Objects, and Entertainments, ever New ;
 Prospects on Prospects rising to the View. 170
 Then awful *Mysterys* shall be reveal'd,
 Which Now in Clouds and Darkneſs are conceal'd :
 New Luſtre ſhed on each obſcurer Text,
 So long in vain by learned Comments vex'd ;
 God's Book inspir'd ſhall, like Himſelf, all bright, 175
 Shine from the Centre, one clear Globe of Light.

But ! Oh ! Thou VISION BEATIFIC ! Where
 Shall we find Words thy Wonders to declare ?
 Impoſſible : This perfect, higheſt Good
 Can never, 'till Enjoy'd, be Underſtood. 180
See the Inviſible ? No ; not as Men
 Each other ſee ; but with Angelick Ken,
 With the Mind's Eye. Ev'n to Corporeal Sight,
 With Emanations of tranſcendent Light,
 He who is God, as well as Man, ſhall ſhine ; 185
 His glorious Body darting Rays divine,
 Thro' the immeaſurable Space : As We
 Like Stars of diff'rent Magnitudes ſhall be, }
 The radiant Sun to all Thoſe Stars is He : }
 The Sun of Righteouſneſs — But This the leaſt : 190
 The MIND with God's bright Viſion ſhall be bleſt.

There

There the *Ideal World* (enquire not How ;
 Here we know nought, but This, that nought we know)
 Shall open to our View : Th' Eternal Mind
 The Scheme, and Archetypes of Things, design'd 195
 E'er yet fair Nature's Frame from Nothing rose,
 Shall to our wond'ring Eyes at once disclose.
 Some think (let Thinking still be *truly* free)
 Ev'n Here in God alone we all things see.
 Most certain This ; Th' Eternal Mind survey'd 200
 All Things within Himself, e'er Aught was made ;
 Form'd in Himself the universal Plan,
 From the most senseless Insect, up to Man.
 There then, the Copys lost, with glad Amaze
 We on the bright Originals shall gaze ; 205
 See Nature, when all Nature is dissolv'd ;
 See Time in vast Eternity involv'd :
 See the exterior Form, th' internal Pow'rs
 Of Simples ; and the fragrant Souls of Flow'rs :

See

VER. 192. &c. *The Ideal World*, &c.] See P. MALEBRANCHE'S
Recherche de la Verité ; and the most learned, ingenious, and pious
 Mr. NORRIS'S *Theory of the Intelligible, or Ideal World*. Whatever
 becomes of the Doctrine of our *Seeing all things in God*, in This
 Life : it is certain from his being *Creator* of all things, that He must
 have in Himself the *Ideas* of all things ; and in the next Life perhaps
 we may see those *Ideas* in Him.

See Stars, long since extinct, surround the Pole ; 210
 And Intellectual Suns in beauteous Order roll.

But little This, that, in That blest Abode,
 All *other Things* we shall behold in God :
Himself, *Himself*, we *in Himself* shall view,
 The Same forever, yet forever New : 215

We then shall know, as We ourselves are known,
 Th' immense, ineffable One - three, Three - one ; }
 A blest Society in Himself alone :

See how the Father is the Fountain ; how
 From Him, *in Him*, the Son, and Spirit flow : 220
 How 'tis They *differ*, how They are the *same*.

Great Holy, Holy, Holy, glorious Name ;
 Clear, lucid Fount of Good, Eternal Mind,
 Perfection of all Beauties in Thee joyn'd ;

The Spring of Life essential dwells in Thee, 225
 And in Thy Light we purest Light shall see :
 Deeper, and deeper, and yet deeper still,
 Forever gaze ; and never gaze our Fill.

Thy Nature, and Thy Essence, without End
 We shall contemplate, never comprehend. 230

No

VER. 216. — *Know, as we — are known.*] 1. Cor. xiii. 12.

VER. 225, 226. *The Spring of Life, &c. And in Thy Light, &c.*] Psal. xxxvi. 9.

No Finite can the Infinite contain :

Yet This an Indigence, which gives no Pain ;

Not Pain, but Happiness : For more, and more

The Saints are blest, yet still have Bliss in Store.

Diff'rent indeed God's Happiness must be ; 235

Fulness in Him, without Satiety :

For in whatever State, whate'er Abode,

Creatures must still be Creatures, God be God.

Those *Attributes*, which Here *ad-verse* appear'd,
Shall There of all *Repugnancy* be *clear'd* : 240

Truth, Holiness, and Wisdom reconcile

Mercy with Justice ; All in Concord smile :

Mercy and Justice kiss each other There ;

And Vengeance shine, as lovely, as severe.

But Who are *Those*, who in God's Realms of Joy 245
Shall Thus a whole Eternity employ ?

Nearest his Throne, around, and at his Feet,

The Noble Army of the Martyrs sit ;

Patriarchs, Apostles, Prophets, all That Host,

Who for their Saviour did, and suffer'd most. 250

The Virgin Mother of the World's great Lord,

Forever *honour'd*, only not *ador'd*,

In awful Beauty smiles, with sweetest Grace ;

Th' incarnate Godhead light'ning in her Face.

Near

Near Them, are *holy Priests*, for *Learning* fam'd, 255
 And *Piety*; who, with true *Zeal* inflam'd,
 With solid *Judgment* cool'd, maintain'd God's Cause
 Against his *Enemys*, and preach'd his *Laws*.
 By their illustrious *Labours*, which survive
 Their mortal *Life*, and with the *World* shall live, 260
 Sham'd the proud *Scorner*, *Heresies* refell'd,
 And from th' *obscurer Text* the *Clouds* dispell'd ;
 Sav'd Others' *Souls*, and more than sav'd their *Own*.
 Angelick TAYLOR, HAMMOND, SANDERSON,
 Great PEARSON, BRAMHALL, USHER, WALTON, POOLE ;
 But chiefly, bright, acute, sagacious BULL. 266

O

VER. 264, 265. Angelick TAYLOR, &c. — POOLE.] Dr. JEREMY TAYLOR, *Bp. of Down and Connor in Ireland*; Dr. HENRY HAMMOND, design'd *Bp. of Worcester* by K. CHARLES II. but dy'd just before the Restoration; Dr. ROBERT SANDERSON, *Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford*, and afterwards *Bp. of Lincoln*; Dr. JOHN PEARSON, *Bp. of Chester*; Dr. JAMES USHER, and Dr. JOHN BRAMHALL, successive *Primates of Ireland*; Dr. BRIAN WALTON, *Compiler of the Polyglott Bible*, and *Bp. of Chester*; Men of extraordinary Learning, and Piety; whose Works are sufficiently known to the World. Mr. MATTHEW POOLE of *London*, a Nonconformist, but a Man of immense Learning, and great Judgment; and no less Humility and Piety; Author of That stupendous Work entitled *Synopsis Criticorum*, &c. a most noble Collection of Commentaries upon the holy Scriptures.

VER. 266. BULL.] Dr. GEORGE BULL made *Bp. of St. David's* by Q. ANNE. His immortal Works are well known to all the World; as are his exemplary Piety, Humility, and Charity,

10

O BULL ! as Here below I oft have hung,
 Charm'd, and improv'd, on thy Instructive Tongue,
 Enjoy'd thy rev'rend Mirth, thy Converse sweet,
 May I Above thy honour'd Figure greet ; 270
 Concurring, tho' in far inferior Lays,
 To celebrate th' Eternal TRIAD's Praise :
 To sing th' Almighty's Praise we There may join ;
 I cannot Here be just in singing Thine.

Tho' now in Life's Decline, and prone to Earth, 275
 Fain would I sooner have receiv'd my Birth ;
 That what from Thee my Youth unpractis'd learn'd,
 My riper Years might better have discern'd :
 Perhaps for Time mispent I less had griev'd,
 Like Thee had *study'd*, and like Thee had *liv'd* ; 280
 Nearer, in Age, I to the Grave should be ;
 But nearer, in good Works, to Heav'n, and Thee.

Equal

to All who had the Happiness of his Acquaintance. His acquired Learning was vastly great ; but his natural acute Parts, and solid Judgment, greater. See his Life written by Mr. NELSON : To which many Things might be added.

VER. 270. *Figure.*] His *Person*, and *Aspect* were distinguishingly engaging. The Print before his Works is the perfect Image of him ; only it wants That Sweetness of Countenance, which always accompany'd his delightful Conversation.

VER. 272. TRIAD.] *Trinity.* Bp. BULL was a zealous, and most able Defender of That Doctrine.

Equal to These, perhaps superiour, stand
Laic Divines, a glorious, shining Band;
 Who, warm'd with Piety, with Learning fraught, 285
 God's Servants, tho' not Priests, his Battles fought;
 Those his Brave voluntary Soldiers, Those
 Who, not oblig'd by Office, quell'd his Foes.
 BOYLE, GROTIUS, NELSON, wonderful PASCAL;
 Learn'd, pious, humble, venerable HALE. 290
 HALE! Who to Thee can Thy due Praises grudge,
 Deep Theologue, Philosopher, and Judge?
 Advanc'd to *England's* highest Judgment-Seat,
 How could'st Thou write, as in obscure Retreat?
 So write, that Thee we read, with pleasing Awe, 295
 Preacher of *Gospel*, Oracle of *Law*?
 But Who a more resplendent *Crown* should wear
 In highest *Heav'n*, than They who wore one *Here*?

If

VER. 289. BOYLE, GROTIUS, &c.] The Honourable ROBERT BOYLE, Esq; Founder of the Lecture against Atheism and Infidelity; HUGO GROTIUS, a *Hollander*, one of the most learned Men that ever liv'd; ROBERT NELSON, Esq; Author of *the Companion to the Festivals and Fasts*, &c. Monsieur PASCAL, a *Frenchman*, a Man of amazing Parts, and Seraphic Piety.

VER. 290. HALE.] the Right Honourable Sir MATTHEW HALE, Lord Chief Justice of *England*: The Honour of our Country; One of the greatest Lawyers, Divines, and Philosophers, and one of the best Christians, this Nation ever bred. His Works in Divinity are, *Contemplations Moral, and Divine*; *The Knowledge of God, and of Ourselves*; *The Origination of Mankind*, &c.

If *well* They wore it — KING^s, Religious, Just,
 Not Slaves to sordid Av'rice, Pride, and Lust; 300
 But Wise, and Good; who only fill'd a Throne,
 To make their People's Happiness their Own.
 Who to God's Church true nursing Fathers prov'd,
 His Temples built, his Priests rever'd, and lov'd:
 Who joy'd to make their Subjects' Wealth increase; 305
 And wag'd not Wars, for Glory, but for Peace:
 Promoted Learning, Vertue, Courage, Worth
 Of ev'ry Kind — Like Suns shall These shine forth;
 Shall ev'n in Heav'n their regal Titles hold,
 Add Crowns of Glory to their Crowns of Gold; 310
 In That New World, with sublimated Bliss,
More honour'd reign, *because* They reign'd in This.

Illustrious *Founders* of the *Muses Seats*,
 Of Piety's, and Learning's sweet Retreats;
 Chiefly of Those, where gentle ISIS glides, 315
 And winding CAM the flow'ry Meads divides;
 With These shall triumph. Their Reward how vast,
 Whose Bounty with the World itself shall last!
 Whose planning Heads, and large munific Hearts
 Polish'd Mankind with Sciences, and Arts; 320

G

Vertue,

VER. 315, 316. — ISIS — CAM.] The River ISIS, at Oxford;
 the River CAM, at Cambridge.

Vertue, and Truth, and Knowledge, nurs'd, and fed;
 Priests, Prelates, Patriots, Statesmen, Heroes, bred.
 Those, who *Wintonia's* Mitre glorify'd;
 Great WICKHAM, WAINFLET, FOX, *Wintonia's* Pride!
 WICKHAM, the Prince of All who ever laid 325
 Learning's Foundations, since the World's were made:
England's Sixth HENRY, RICHMOND's Princely Dame
 MARG'RET, and CHICHELEY of immortal Fame:
 And pious WADHAM — Hail! lov'd, honour'd Pair!
 You with the Greatest shall due Honours share. 330
 May I in Heav'n (You gave my Muse her Birth)
 Your Faces see, whose Bread I ate on Earth:
 Meanwhile from Earth accept This grateful Praise,
 The meanest of Your letter'd Offspring pays.

They

VER. 323. *Wintonia.*] *Winchester.*

VER. 324. WICKHAM, &c.] WILLIAM of *Wickham*, Bishop of *Winchester*, Lord Treasurer, and Lord High Chancellor of *England*; Founder of *New College* in *Oxford*, and of its Sister College near *Winchester*; which, together, are the noblest Seminary of Learning in Christendom. WILLIAM of *Wainflet*, Founder of That Illustrious Society, *Magdalen-College* in *Oxford*. RICHARD FOX, Founder of *Corpus Christi College* in *Oxford*.

VER. 327, 328, 329 — *England's* Sixth HENRY, &c.] K. HENRY VI. Founder of *King's College* in *Cambridge*, and *Eton-College* near *Windſor*. MARGARET Countess of *Richmond*; Foundress of *St. John's* and *Christ's Colleges* in *Cambridge*. HENRY CHICHELEY, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Founder of *All Souls College* in *Oxford*. NICHOLAS WADHAM, Esq; and DOROTHY his Wife, Founders of *Wadham-College* in *Oxford*.

They too, whose Gifts the *Clergy's Orphans* feed : 335

O Shame, and Guilt that They such Alms should need !

Their *Orphans*, and their *Widows*, tho' still scant

Of Living, feel less Penury, and Want,

Somewhat refresh'd by ev'n This little Store ;

And in less Bitterness of Soul deplore.

340

Beneficent, wise TURNER, Thou the Chief,

And many More who add to This Relief ;

If aught of Fame true Gratitude can give,

Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall ever live.

Since to This Theme the Muse's Lyre is strung ;

345

'Twere Guilt, should pious ANNA be unsung.

ANNA, of fragrant Mem'ry, ever blest,

How did God's Glory warm Thy sacred Breast !

The *Church* how lov'd by Thee ! Like Thee, None rose

To lessen her *impoverish'd Clergy's* Woes ;

350

Since first (O ! be Heav'n's Wrath for That appeas'd)

Her Spoils by Sacrilegious Hands were seis'd.

Methinks, ev'n Now I see Thy *gracious Mien* ;

The *Saint* confess'd, and smiling in the *Queen* ;

Expressive of Thy great, and humble Mind ;

355

And awful Majesty with Sweetness join'd.

and vhaluabiq ; anoisA sed to G 2

Loud

VER. 342. TURNER.] DR. THOMAS TURNER, President of *Corpus Christi* College in Oxford gave 22,000 l. to the Corporation of the *Sons of the Clergy*.

Loud Fame to late Posterity shall tell
 Thy * *Truly English* Heart, Thy *Christian* Zeal.
 Thy BOUNTY to *Heav'n's Priests* has more of Charms
 Than the *long Triumphs* of Thy *conqu'ring Arms*; 360
 More ev'n than That which bade War's Ravage cease,
 And gave the harrafs'd World to taste of *Peace*.

Augusta's noble Hospitals! ——— Behold
 The blest'd Effects of well-expended Gold.
 The Poor, the Lame, the Blind, the Lunatic, 365
 The Ignorant, the Wounded, and the Sick,
 How are they Here reliev'd! How great Reward
 Must Them await, who Remedys prepar'd
 To soften miserable Life, and heal
 The various Ills which wretched Mortals feel! 370
 Pious Sixth EDWARD, of These Donors First,
 His Thousand sees in † his fam'd Fabrick nurs'd;
 His Largeſs ſtill increas'd by freſh Supplys —
 To well-purg'd Minds, and rightly-judging Eyes,
 How much more lovely muſt HIS *Blue* appear, 375
 Then all the Pride that purple Monarchs wear!

To

* In one of her firſt Speeches to her Parliament (the very Firſt, as I remember) She ſaid Her Heart was *Entirely Engliſh*. Which She abundantly verify'd by the Tenor of her Actions; particularly by her allowing, as a free Gift to her Subjects, 100000 *l. per Annum* out of her own private Revenue, for the Service of the Publick.

† *Chriſt's Hoſpital.*

To His great Father should less Praise be giv'n?
 O mighty HENRY — May'st thou be in Heav'n.
 Yet ah! — But stop, indignant Muse, forbear;
 Look on St. *Bartholomew's*, and think him There. 380
 How beauteous stands That still increasing Pile;
 While round it Charity, and Goodness smile!
Govern'd by Worthys, who, as They dispense
 For Others, add their Own Munificence,
 And, studious to diminish human Woe, 385
 Think it less Praise to *Rule*, than to *Bestow*.

Of ev'ry Kind celestial Charity
 Lifts Man to Heav'n, and peoples Half the Sky.
 So great it's Influence; at the Last great Day,
 The Judge seems *all* his Stres on *That* to lay. 390
 " Come Ye, my Blessed — You the Naked cloath'd —
 " Depart, Ye Cursed — You That Office loath'd. —
 As if all Vertues center'd in This One;
 Or Heav'n were due to Charity alone.
 Treasure in Heav'n wouldst thou on Earth secure? 395
 Be lib'ral of thy Treasure to the Poor.
 Such Works, tho' *posthumous*, have sure Reward;
 But richer is the Crown for Those prepar'd,

G 3

Their

 VER. 378. HENRY.] K. HENRY VIII.

 VER. 391, 392. *Come, Ye — Depart, Ye &c.*] Matth. xxv.

 VER. 395. *Treasure in Heav'n.*] Matth. xix. 21.

Their Bounty springing from the worthiest Stem,
 Who left their *Wealth*, before their Wealth left *Them*; 400
 Who built their Charity on *Life*, not *Death*;
 And rather chose to *give*, than to *bequeath*. †

Not far from pious *Kings* who bless'd Mankind,
 To pious *Statesmen* are their Seats assign'd.
 But These alas! how few! — Yet Such *have been* — 405
 Unlike a MACHIAVEL, or MAZARINE:
 Such was good WALSINGHAM; Some few beside;
 SOUTHAMPTON, and th' Integrity of HYDE.
 Who acted, with deep Heads, and honest Hearts,
 At once the *Courtier's*, and the *Patriot's* Parts; 410
 As prompt t' obey, as execute the Laws,
 And equal 'twixt the Crown's, and People's Cause:
 The Rights of Both industrious to maintain,
 Of Both th' unjust Encroachments to restrain.

† This is not in the least intended to lessen the Value and Excellence of Those Charities which are left by Will, or to detract from the just Praise of those who leave them. Very often they cannot do otherwise; with regard to their own Familys, and Relations, and even to themselves. But, other Circumstances being equal, it is certainly best, and most acceptable to God and Man, to *give* in one's *Life-Time*; for Reasons too obvious to be mention'd, and which, I suppose, will be deny'd by No-body.

VER. 407, 408. WALSINGHAM, &c.] Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, Secretary of State to Q. ELIZABETH; who was a most *able Statesman*, and *true Patriot*; and dy'd *very poor*. Earl of Southampton, in the Reigns of K. CHARLES the First, and Second. Sir EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon (Author of the famous History) and Lord High Chancellour of England.

Part III.

H E A V E N.

87

Who by their Vertues, and Examples rare,
 Made Vertue look more lovely, and more fair;
 Well knowing that, to gain in Heav'n a Seat,
 They must be Good, as well as Wise, and Great.

415

The rest promiscuous; All who faithful prov'd,
 Who dy'd repentant, God sincerely lov'd;
 The Humble, and the Just — In fine the *Good*.
 But let That Word be rightly understood:
 To make us such, *all* Vertues must concur;
 And persevering *to the last* endure:
 Ev'n Charity is, tho' the Chief, but One;
 And He who has not All, has *truly* None.

420

245

Those who, *on Earth*, in zealous *warm Dispute*
Contending, strove each other to confute,
 May greet *Above*, clasp'd in Embraces dear,
 And wonder how they meet each other There.

430

God's Thoughts are not contracted, narrow, blind,
 Like mortal Men's — Ev'n *Pagan* Vertue, join'd
 With Ignorance sincere, Reward may find.

}

There Saint-like SOCRATES, and CYRUS, best
 Of Heathens, and great TULLY may be blest;

435

And wise VESPASIAN, and his pious Son
 TITUS, whose worthy Deeds such Glory won:
 And sacred VIRGIL, sacred in his Verse
 At least, MESSIAH'S Praises may rehearse;

And sing His *Merits*, fir'd with *knowing* Zeal, 440
 Whose *Birth* in *Ignorance* He sung so well.

If, while tempestuous Winds the Deep deform,
 The Merchant, sav'd from Wreck, enjoys the Storm ;
 Tho' still, in *future Voyages*, expos'd
 By future Winds, and Billows to be toss'd : 445
 How great the Exultations of the Blest !

What Transports must dilate each ravish'd Breast ;
 When they look back upon the Waves, the Rocks,
 They have escap'd ; Temptation's violent Shocks,
 Temptations, from the World, the Devil, Themselves ; 450
 The Quicksands they have pass'd, the Gulphs, the Shelves !
 When *Dangers* now can threaten them *no more*,
 Forever landed on their *final* Shore !

How must They God's unbounded Goodness praise,
 Who Thus the *little Services* o'erpay 455
 Ev'n of the *Best* ! — A poor, defective, lame
 Obedience — Endless Glory can it claim ?
 Eternal Happiness ? O Depth ! Abyss
 Of Mercy infinite ! Eternal Bliss !

For What ? For Nothing ; for Infirmities 460
 At best ; imperfect Vertue, stain'd with Vice.
Sincerity was all they had to plead,
 Join'd with *Repentance*. Heav'n ! art Thou the Meed

Of

Of the short Race, which fall'n, degen'rate Man,
 So listless, and with so much Languor, ran? 465
 Yes; Faith *assures* us; and it *will* be so:
 How should our Hearts with Gratitude o'erflow!
 Nay more; a *late Repentance*, if sincere,
 And join'd with *Reformation*, crowns us There.
 Those who in Vice confirm'd had well nigh spent 470
 Their Term of Life, *just living to Repent*;
 Who (their remaining Time almost too short)
 Scarce tugg'd their half-wreck'd Vessel into Port;
 Shall yet gain Heav'n. But risque not There thy Fate:
 A true Repentance never is too late ——— 475
 Acknowledg'd — But be This remember'd too,
 A late Repentance is but seldom true.
 A *Candidate for Heav'n*, in Soul and Mind,
 In his Affections, must be *Here refin'd*:
 Habits, deep-rooted when *This World we leave*, 480
 Will, in the *Next*, forever to us cleave.

There,

VER. 488, 489. *Habits deep-rooted, when This World &c. Will in the Next, &c.*] This was the Doctrine of PLATO, VIRGIL, and Others among the ancient Heathen Philosophers; and Christian Divines have made it clear, and evident. Dr. SCOTT's *Christian Life*, in particular, is entirely built upon This Principle. The Thing indeed is so agreeable to Reason; that the Contrary can scarce be conceived *possible*. And This shews the *Absolute Necessity* of

There, to *adapt* us for the Joys above,
 God will not *change* our Natures, tho' *improve*.
 By his *own Action* He will *purge* our Dross;
 Unless by Sin we made ourselves *too* gross. 485
 " None without Holiness shall see the Lord ———
 " The pure in heart alone — The rest abhorr'd.
 Can He, can Purity itself, endure
 Aught in his Presence, filthy, or impure?
 Behold the Sun; It shines not in his Eyes; 490
 The Stars roll Globes of Darkness thro' the Skys.
 Or grant He could — Suppose a Soul from God
 Abhorrent, plac'd in That sublime Abode:
 Suppose on *Teneriff's* high Top a Whale;
 See how the Rocks he lashes with his Tail, 495
 Heaves his broad Gills, and pants for thicker Air:
 Ev'n so the *Carnaliz'd* in Heav'n would fare.

Can

of our being *Vertuous*, and *Holy*: Since without it we are, in the *Nature* of Things, *incapable* of being *Happy*. God Himself cannot make us so, without *changing our Nature* by Miracle: Which is *impossible*; because it is inconsistent with his own infinite Perfections: Because it would be *absurd*, and *irrational* for him to do so.

VER. 486. *None without Holiness, &c.*] Heb. xii. 14. Here is express Scripture for the same Doctrine.

VER. 487. *The pure in Heart &c.*] Matth. v. 8.

VER. 490, 491. *Behold the Sun — The Stars —*] Job. xxv. 5. There indeed 'tis *Moon*, not *Sun*. But the Sense is the same.

Can Hallelujahs be a fit Repast
 For the foul Glutton's, and the Drunkard's Taste?
 Can Lust, and Av'rice, and infernal Pride 500
 With *Food of Angels* be beatify'd?
 Can meagre Envy, Malice, and fell Hate
 Enjoy the Love, and Dearness of That State?
 No; Curst with Happiness, with Glory's Shine
 More black, in Am'ranth Shades they would repine; 505
 With haggard Eyes, and aking Sight behold
 The glitt'ring Turrets of celestial Gold:
 Thrill'd with the Musick of th' ethereal Quires,
 Would gnash their Teeth amidst th' Angelick Lyres;
 Implore, of Those bright Tortures to be eas'd; 510
 And seek ev'n Hell, from Heav'n to be releas'd.

But as we see the mounting Flames aspire,
 To meet, and mix with Elemental Fire;
 So Souls, inspir'd by Vertue, upwards move,
 And mingle with their kindred Minds above; 515
 By their own proper Motion seek the Sphere
 Of endless Happiness, and centre There:
 Happy They were ev'n in Themselves before;
 And only Heav'n's full Joys can bless them more.

P A R T

VER. 505. *Amaranth.*] Or *Amarant.* A Flower that *never fades*: Suppos'd by *Milton* to grow in *Heaven*, and *There only*.

THE ARGUMENT

The first part of the book, which was written by the author, is a history of the Church of England, from the time of its foundation to the present day. It is a history of the Church of England, from the time of its foundation to the present day. It is a history of the Church of England, from the time of its foundation to the present day.

PART IV.

H E L L.

The ARGUMENT.

THE amazing Dread, and Terror of the Subject. The Madness of the Infidels, who say God cannot, or will not punish. That monstrous Notion expos'd; and their senseless Reasonings answer'd. The Place of Hell uncertain. Whether in Chaos, and the extramundane Space. Or in the Bowels of the Earth. Or in the Sun. This last enlarg'd upon. Tho' we know not Where it is, we know What it is; viz. perfect Misery. Fire must make the Sensible Part of it. The inconceivable Horrors and Misery both of the Place, and State, described at large. An Objection obviated, That all This is Fancy, and Poetick Fiction. The Eternity of the Torments. Arguments, on both sides. Supposing them not Eternal; they may be dreadful beyond Imagination. However, (since we cannot demonstrate the Contrary) 'tis safer to think them Eternal, than feel them to be so. WHO shall be in Hell. In general; all impenitent Sinners. More particularly; Adulterers, and Fornicators. Covetous Persons. Wicked Clergymen; both Priests, and Prelates. Wicked Ministers of State. Wicked Kings, Queens, and Sovereign Princes. Traytors: Corrupt Betrayers, and Sellers of their Country, on the one hand; Faction, Seditious, false Patriots on the other. Those who debauch'd the World by their wicked Writings of any Kind. Evil-speakers, and Censorious Persons: Under which Head, an Objection is obviated with relation to the Author's Severity against Vice, and, vicious Men as Such. Objection, That all This is Priestcraft, &c. This answer'd. Infidelity set in all imaginable Lights; and shewn to be perfect Madness in every one of them.

P A R T IV.

H E L L.

Tremble, ye Guilty ! Tremble, ev'n the Good !
 Almighty Vengeance ! — Chills it not the Blood ?
 Can ev'n the Blest Hell's horrid Gulph behold,
 Torrents of Fire in boiling Billows roll'd ;
 And not shrink back with Terror and Affright ; 5
 And, tho' secure, not shudder at the Sight ?
 A Misery complete, unmix'd, and pure,
 What Fancy can conceive ? what Thoughts endure ?

“ What Thoughts indeed ? the Infidel replys ;

“ God *must* not, *will* not, *cannot* punish Vice, 10

“ When all the *Ends* of *Discipline* are past ;

“ In the next World his Anger will not last.

“ 'Twould argue *Weakness*, *Passion impotent*,

“ *Rage*, *Cruelty*, and *Malice*, * to torment

“ (Merely for Torment's sake) with penal Pain 15

“ His wretched Creatures : Are their Plagues his Gain ?

“ When

* So some of the Deistical Writers have not trembled to express themselves.

“ When from their Punishment, however due,
 “ No *Profit*, or *Advantage* can accrue
 “ To *Others*, or *Themselves* ; Can God impose
 “ That Punishment ? and triumph in their Woes ? 20
 “ Can Shrieks, cast upwards from Hell’s Depth of Fires,
 “ Mix grateful Musick with th’ Angelick Lyres ?
 “ God is *all Good* ; In Him, *as Good*, we trust.”
 But is He not, too, *Holy, Wise, and Just* ?
 Think’st thou, has God *one* Attribute alone ? 25 }
 Can *Mercy*, ev’n tho’ *infinite*, be thrown
 On *Objects* which are *capable* of None ?
 Must Wisdom, Holiness, Truth, Justice, fail
 In God ; that Goodness only may prevail ?
 And can’st thou *prove*, that Punishment can tend, 30
 Hereafter, to no salutary End ?
 That all *Examples* Then their force shall lose,
 And Pains, and Terrors be no more of Use ?
 Or grant, thou could’st ; yet in the *Scheme of Things*,
Reason, and *Nature*, is the King of Kings 35
 The only Potentate, who cannot take
 On Rebels Vengeance due, for his OWN sake ?
 Is it for Him, for Him alone too much
 To punish Crimes against HIMSELF, *as such* ?
 T’ assert his scorn’d, his violated Laws, 40
 And vindicate his Glory’s injur’d Cause ?

Where is his Greatness, Majesty, and Awe ;
 If Man be with Impunity his Foe ?
 Under Pretext, in impious vain Dispute,
 Of honouring his ONE *mild* ATTRIBUTE ; 45
 Thou mak'st Him despicable, a God of small,
 Or no Account ; that is, no God at all.
 In thy Mock-Robe the Deity thus dress'd,
 Appears a perfect Ridicule, and Jest :
 The DEIST quite unmask'd ; the ATHEIST stands confess'd. }
 Thus far the Views of human Reason reach : 51
 But more express the sacred Pages teach.
 There God 'gainst Sin incens'd with vengeful Ire,
 With Terrors arm'd, a fierce consuming Fire,
 Shines forth tremendous. True, He courts, and woes, 55
 In melting Strains, his most rebellious Foes

H

To

VER. 50. The DEIST — the ATHEIST —] This, I say, is one instance among Others ; by which it appears that *Deism* (as it is Now call'd) resolves at last into downright *Atheism*. Such a God as These Men have painted out to us is a most contemptible, ridiculous Being ; that is, *no God*. For other Proofs that *Deism*, as it now stands, is mere *Atheism* ; see *Bp. Gastrell's* (for it is His, tho' his Name is not to it) *Dialogue between a Sceptick, and a Deist ; Scripture Vindicated against Christianity as Old as the Creation*, in many places.

VER. 53, &c. *There God 'gainst Sin, &c.*] It is needless to quote particular Texts for Proof of This. Both Testaments are full of them.

VER. 55. &c. *True He courts, and woes, &c.*] *Isai. i. Ezek. xviii.* and innumerable other Places both of the Old, and New Testament.

To Penitence, and Happiness ; declares,
 Protests, and by *Himself*, as *Living*, swears,
 He stands most ready Sinners to forgive ;
 Intreats, and begs them to repent, and live. 60

But on th' obdur'd, Plagues, Storms, and Tempest pours,
 And Wrath, which to Eternity devours.

God *cannot* punish—So thou say'st—But still
That God Himself proclaims He *can*, and *will*.

As thus the strong Assertors disagree ; 65
 Must we, I ask, believe in GOD, or THEE ?

“ But Oh ! the *Bible* ! — Book so much ador'd ;
 “ Which, *Priests*, and *dull Believers*, call *God's Word* —
 Why, is it *Not* so ? Dost thou never *read* ?

But only *laugh*, and *shake* thy *empty Head* ? 70
Cavil thou may'st ; but never canst *refute*

Those *FACTS*, which prove it *genuine* past Dispute,
 God's *genuine Word* — But 'tis not Now the Time
 For That Debate : I pass it ; till in Rhime

I on That Theme Thy Madness shall expose ; 75
 As I, and Others, oft have done in Prose.

The *Place* allotted to this Scene of Woe
 We know not ; (may we never, *feeling*, know :)

Whether

VER. 61. *But on th' obdur'd — Storms, and Tempests, &c.*]
 Psal. xi. 6.

Whether, beyond the Space immense, and vast
 Of the World's Bounds, in *Chaos* wild, and wast : 80
 Or whether, (so perhaps the Scheme is laid)
 When the last Conflagration shall have prey'd
 On this Terrestrial Globe, the fiery Tide
 Shall in the *Bowels of the Earth* subside ;
 And, added to the Central Fire, There make 85
 Hell's flaming Gulph, the molten Brimstone Lake.
 Or whether in the SUN, to form whose Beams,
 To Us, so distant, salutary Streams,
 Millions of *Ætnas*, and *Vesuvios* blaze,
 There scorching Fires, tho' Here live giving Rays, 90
 The Damn'd shall to their *Tartarus* be doom'd ;
 Forever burning, ever unconsum'd.
 So * Some have thought ; and thought they made it plain ;
 Nor is perhaps th' acute Conjecture vain.
 However to our erring *Fancy's Eye* 95
 That Orb appears *above*, aloft, on *high* ;
 In the *World's Centre* fix'd, 'tis most *profound*,
Lowest, to all the wide Circumf'rence round.

H 2

And

VER. 85. *Central Fire.*] Philosophers suppose that there is a vast Body of Fire in the *Centre*, i. e. the Middle, of the Earth.

VER. 91. *Tartarus.*] Hell.

* See *Swinden's Enquiry into the Nature and Place of HELL.*

And *Hell* by All *most low* was ever deem'd :
 O ! may'st not Thou, howe'er to Thee have *seem'd* 100
 These Things abstruse, when Life's short Race is run,
Cast down from Earth, *descend* into the Sun.

From th' Empyrean Heav'n, the blest Abode
 Of Saints in Bliss, of Angels, and of God,
 Most distant sure is Hell ; and 'tis as clear, 105
 Most distant from it is the Solar Sphere.

But is not Hell all Darkness, thickest Night ?
 The Sun a glorious Orb of cheerful Light ?
 Yes, in It's Surface ; as to Us It shines :
 But Figure to thyself Its Caverns, Mines ; 110
 Its hollow Rocks, Its inmost gloomy Dens :
 O ! wert thou There, how chang'd would be the Scenes !
 Ev'n Here we spy thro' GALILEO's Glas
 Black Spots, and smoaking Mountains o'er Its Face.
 And as th' All-wise, Great God, with diff'rent Views,
 By the same Means, Ends contrary pursues ; 116
 Perhaps the Sun, which Now with Light, and Heat
 This Solar System cheers, may prove the Seat
 Of Woe Hereafter ; rage with sulph'rous Storms ;
 And torture Those, whom Now it kindly warms. 120

However, taught by *Revelation* clear,
 We know *What* Hell is, tho' we know not *Where*.

In Heav'n as *perfect endless* Pleasures flow ;

Hell is *consummate*, and *eternal* Woe.

Fire too must make the *Sensible* of Hell:

125

“ With everlasting Burnings who can dwell ?

“ Tormenting *Tophet* is ordain'd long since ;

“ Ev'n for the *King*, the *Potentate*, the *Prince*,

“ It is prepar'd : 'Tis roomy, vast, and wide,

“ With Store of Fuel plenteously supply'd :

130

“ The Breath of God makes the full Furnace boil ;

“ And, like a Stream of Brimstone, fires the Pile.

Doom'd to live Death, and never to expire,

“ In Floods, and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire †

The Damn'd shall groan : Fire of all Kinds, and Forms ;

In Rain, in Hail, in Hurricanes, and Storms ;

136

Liquid, and solid, livid, red, and pale ;

A flaming Mountain here, and there a flaming Vale.

H 3

The

VER. 126. *With everlasting Burnings, &c.*] *Isai.* xxxiii. 14. I am sensible that another Interpretation may be given of That Text. But that in one Sense it may mean *Hell*, is allow'd by Expositors. However ; there are so many places in the New Testament which speak of *Hell-Fire*, that it would be needless to cite any.

VER. 127, &c. *Tormenting Tophet, &c.*] *Isai.* xxx. 33. Here again Something else is meant besides *Hell* : But That is meant too ; as Commentators agree.

† MILTON.

The liquid Fire make Seas ; the solid, Shores ;
 Arch'd-o'er with Flames the horrid Concave roars. 140
 All Hell is Fire — Above, Beside, Below,
 Fires or in hard metallick Substance glow,
 Or spout in Cataracts, or in Rivers flow. }
 In bubbling Eddies rolls the fiery Tide,
 And sulph'rous Surges on each other ride. 145
 The hollow, winding Vaults, and Dens, and Caves
 Bellow, like Furnaces, with flaming Waves.
 Pillars of Flame in spiral Volumes rise,
 Like fiery Snakes, and lick th' infernal Skies.
 Sulphur, th' eternal Fuel, unconsum'd, 150
 Vomits redounding Smoke, thick, unillum'd :
 For all That Mass of Fire projects no Light,
 But Darkneſs viſible, and glaring Night ;
 Which to the Eye ſerves only to reveal
 Sad Scenes of Woe, and add Affright to Hell : 155
 Pale Fantoms, hideous Spectres, Shapes which *fear*
 The *Damn'd* themſelves, and *terrify* DESPAIR ;
 “ Gorgons, and Harpyes, and Chimæras dire,
 And Swarms of twiſted Serpents, hisſing Fire.
 There SIN, now ſtrip'd of all her borrow'd Charms, 160
 Which lur'd deluded Wretches to her Arms,
 Of Bulk immense, immeaſurably tall,
 So high, and vaſt, as to be ſeen by All,

Thro' the unbounded Space, Herself uprears,
 And spread in full Deformity appears. 165
 Her close Attendant DEATH, and by *Her* made
Immortal, Now a *Substance* not a *Shade*,
 By *Her* supply'd, thick Darts around her flings,
 Keen with GOD's Wrath, and shoots unnumber'd Stings;
 More ugly than ten thousand Furies scowls; 170
 And Plagues infixes in the guilty Souls.
 Horrour, throughout, and perfect Mis'ry reigns;
 An endless, sad Variety of Pains; }
 Clatt'ring of Iron, and the Clank of Chains:
 The Clang of lashing Whips; shrill Shrieks, and Groans,
 Loud ceaseless Howlings, Crys, and piercing Moans; 176
 Damnation, Death, in ev'ry dreadful Form,
 The gnawing Conscience, never-dying Worm;
 The inextinguishable Fire: No Gleam
 Of cheerful Light; No sweet, refreshing Beam 180
 Of Joy, or Hope: Despair, Despair, Despair,
 Is still the Sound that breaks the dusky Air.
 Forever! Never! Never be releas'd?
 O No! 'Tis Torment *never* to be eas'd.
 All Evil There; no Good: Death lives, Life dies: 185
 " Deliver us, good Lord " — In Tears, and Sighs,

VER. 178, 179. *Never-dying Worm. The inextinguishable Fire.*]
 Mark ix. 44, 46, 48.

Here rather Pardon let us strive to gain,
Than There, when Seas of Tears will stream in vain.

Sometimes, as if such Groans could soften Hell,
They throw to Heav'n, with hideous, frantick Yell, 190
Expostulating Crys — They cannot Pray —

“ Is there then left of Hope no glimm’ring Ray ?

“ Can Nothing, Nothing for our Crimes atone ?

“ Great God, is Mercy infinite Thus shown ?

“ Can Nothing ever wash away our Guilt ? 195

“ Was it for This Thy precious Blood was spilt ?

“ That Millions, who have oft invok’d Thy Name,

“ Should, Years unnumber’d, welter in This Flame ?

“ Made we Ourselves ? Did Our Invention weave

“ Life’s slender Web, and teach the Heart to heave ? 200

“ And didst Thou call from Nothing’s darksom Womb

“ Thy wretched Creatures to This dreadful Doom ?

“ Unmake us ; ’Tis far better not to Be,

“ Than to be curst with boundless Misery.

“ Vain Thoughts ! Ourselves, Ourselves alone have made

“ This Wretchedness : We cannot Thee upbraid. 206

“ Good only issu’d from Thy plastick Will ;

“ Creatures the sole Creators are of Ill :

“ Evil

VER. 207. *Plastick Will.*] That is, *Making*, or *Forming*, or *Creative*. God creates by a mere Act of his *Will*.

“ Evil, and Nothing else they could create —
“ Then to Your selves alone impute your Fate, 210
Ye Reprobate — Ev’n Here, in Hell’s deep Pit,
“ Our righteous Judge, tho’ Damn’d, we must acquit :
“ We only to our Lusts ourselves enslav’d ;
“ He would have sav’d us — would we have been sav’d.
But as the boiling Seas, in which they howl, 215
By counter Gusts, now This, now That way, roll ;
So fluctuates in their Breasts the reflux Tide
Of Passions : God e’erwhile they justify’d :
Dire Execrations next succeed ; They fling
Tartarean Rage tow’rds Heav’n, against Heav’n’s King ;
Against the Highest fiercely they blaspheme : 221
But then again their own mad Choice condemn ;
Much they curse God, but curse Themselves much more :
In Confort the sulphureous Torrents roar.
Meanwhile, as if but light were all These Pains, 225
Legions of Devils, bound, Themselves, in Chains,
Tormented, and Tormenters, o’er them shake
Thongs, and fork’d Iron, in the burning Lake ;
Belching infernal Flames, and wreath’d with Spires
Of curling Serpents, rouse the Brimstone-Fires ; 230
With Whips of fiery Scorpions scourge their Slaves,
And in their Faces dash the livid Waves :

Slaves

Slaves to the Dev'l, and Sin ; who rather chose,
 Vassals of Hell, to suffer endless Woes ;
 Than to enjoy, in Heav'n's high, blest Abode, 235
 The glorious Freedom of the Sons of God.

In those dark Depths, and Flames (still Torment new)
 Heav'n's Joys, at distance infinite, They view ;
 From That abhorr'd, unfathomable Abyss,
 Look up, and ken th' exulting Saints in Bliss. 240
 Chiefly the Rich, the Mighty, and the Proud,
 Earth's Tyrants Once, will gnash, and rage aloud ;
 When Those, whom Here, as Dung upon the Soil,
 Ev'n than the Dogs, that lick'd their Sores, more vile,
 They scorn'd, on whom with haughty Air they frown'd,
 They see aloft, with brightest Glory crown'd. 246
 " Groaning for Anguish, Envy, and Despair,
 How will they bite their Flesh, and rend their Hair !
 " Lo ! These are They, whom We, in Life's Debauch,
 " A Bye-word held, a Proverb of Reproach : 250
 " We Fools, immers'd in Luxury, and Vice ;
 " Esteem'd Them Mad, who were the only Wise ;
 " Madnefs

VER. 236. *The glorious Freedom. &c.*] Rom. vii. 21.

VER. 244. *Dogs, that lick'd their Sores* —] Luke xvi. 21.

VER. 247. to Ver. 259. *Groaning for Anguish, — with all our Vaunting bought ?* Wisd. v. 3, 4, 5, &c.

“ Madness their Life, we said, their End is Shame.
“ How do They There deride Our boasted Fame ?
“ How are They, erst so Poor, Despis’d, Distress’d 255
“ Number’d among God’s Children ! Saints most blest !
“ What Profit have we from our Pride ? Or What
“ Has Wealth immense, with all our Vaunting, bought ?
“ Damnation. Joyless Purchase ! Sunk thus low,
“ At least, tho’ doom’d to everlasting Woe, 260
“ Screen’d from That hateful Prospect let us dwell :
“ To be Heav’n-Damn’d is the worst Plague of Hell.

This Thou reply’st, is *Fiction* — *Fancy’s Paint* —
It may be so — But is it not *too faint* ?
Believe it, Sinner ; Hell’s tremendous Curse 265
Is what we have delineated — Or *Worse* ;
’Tis *perfect Mis’ry*. What, tho’ Poets *feign*
That *Light’ning* is compos’d of Wind, and Rain,
Of Cloud, and Flame ; that ’tis *God’s Weapon*, hurl’d
By his *own red Right-hand*, to awe the World, 270
To fill Mankind with Terror, and Amaze ?
What, tho’ fictitious be its *forky Rays* ?
It’s *trifid Fire* ? All Nature sees, and feels,
That Lightning *is* ; and where It *strikes*, It *kills*.

“ ETERNAL Punishment, at least, annex’d 275
“ To SHORT-LIV’D Crimes, whate’er the sacred Text
“ May

" May *seem* to threaten, cannot be conceiv'd

" By Reason ; nor on solid grounds believ'd.

" Is 'This God's Goodness infinite ? Is 'This

" Ev'n *common Justice* ? that in Hell's Abyfs, 280

" For Sins of fifty Years, however foul,

" We should to everlasting Ages howl ?

" The Word *Forever*, in God's Book elsewhere,

" Means not *Eternity*, and *cannot* Here.

If so ; if 'This be true ; Thyself assure, 285

Hell will not to Eternity endure :

God will most Just, and Merciful be found.

But art thou *sure* thy Argument is sound ?

Murder, suppose, is a short transient Act :

But lasts the *Guilt* no longer than the *Fact* ? 290

Yes ; but Eternity — Why, if thy Soul,

By God immortal made, by Vice made foul,

Sin on forever ; as it must, since Grace

In Thee *uncapable* can find no place :

Thou must (Eternal Reason makes it so) 295

Forever sinning, suffer endless Woe.

But God, belike, is bound t' *annihilate*

Those who must Else be wretched in That State.

Must he then change the Universal Frame

Of Nature, lest Thou suffer in That Flame ? 300

Work

Work gross Absurditys? untwist the Chain
Of Causes, and Effects; to end Thy Pain?
However; (for I grant, when *Infinite*
Employs our narrow Thoughts; 'tis *Faith*, not *Sight*:
Our Reason is perplex'd; Ev'n Heav'n, when join'd 305
To vast Eternity, confounds the Mind:)
Admit Hell's Torments shall at length be past;
Suppose, but for a thousand Ages last;
Say but for One — One Century — One Year —
Could'st thou, ev'n Then, Almighty Vengeance bear? 310
Are all Sin's Pleasures in the Ballance laid
Equal to This? Oh! How are they outweigh'd!
Could'st thou, one Day, one Hour in burning Oil,
Or Sulphur, roaring in a Furnace, boil?
Nay try, thy strong unruly Lusts to tame, 315
Thy little Finger in a Candle's Flame
But for a Minute — Hold it fix'd, be sure —
What? shrink'st thou back? — Hell how canst thou endure?
Forever needs must mean *some Length* of Time;
Some *Ages* in appearance: 'Tis no Crime, 320
At least, to think it means *Eternity*:
No Crime, nor Indiscretion can This be —
Eternal Punishment to Sinners due
'Tis far more prudent to *suppose*, than *rue*;
And rather *think*, than *feel* it to be *true*. 325 }

The Wretches peopl'ing This Infernal World,
 By God's just Wrath, and Vengeance Thither hurl'd,
 Are all th' Impenitent ; who dy'd in Vice,
 Sin unatton'd ; who more than Truth lov'd Lies ;
 The Indevout, th' Unmerciful, th' Unjust, 330
 Those who indulg'd their Malice, Pride, or Lust.
 With what Abhorrence shall th' *Adult'rer* meet
 His foul *Adult'refs* There ! O how they greet !
 The Fornicator, and his *Strumpet* leud,
 Who once *Each other* with such Rapture view'd, 335
 No more their mutual Beauties Now admire ;
 Their Flames of Lust extinc't in Flames of Fire.
 Their Beauties, which reciprocally warm'd,
 To most detested Uglinefs transform'd
 They There behold ; Condemn'd (No more of CHARMS)
 To loath'd Embraces in *Each other's* Arms : 341
 Turning to *Hate* their Lust (They call'd it *Love*).
 Furies, and Fiends they to *Each other* prove ;
 Plaguing, and Plagu'd : She curses Him, He Her,
 (*Themselves*, belike, of Fault and Blame *Both* clear,) 345 }
 That by *Each Other's* Guilt they meet *Each other* There.

The avaricious, grasping *Misers*, roll'd
 In Wealthy Waves, shall have their Fill of Gold :

While

While Gold too on them rains in burning Show'rs ;
And down their Throats the liquid Mammon pours. 350

With These, the most abhor'd of human Race
Shall *wicked Priests*, and *Prelates* find their Place.
Prelates, and Priests, who partial preach'd God's Laws ;
Flatter'd his Enemys, betray'd his Cause ;
Or by their Lives and Actions disavow'd 355
Those Truths they zealous taught the list'ning Croud.
Prelates, who study'd for This World alone ;
And Learning scorn'd, because Themselves had None.
Or Learning if they had ; their Guilt was still
The greater, if 'twas us'd in doing Ill : 360
If, the *Divine* postpon'd, with more Regard
They *Statesman*, *Lord*, and *Politician* heard ;
If, at a worthless, vicious Courtier's Nod,
They sacrific'd their Country, Church, and God.
For These the Curs'd, by Their Example damn'd, 365
With fierce Resentment, and Revenge inflam'd,
To sev'n-fold Rage th' infernal Fires shall blow,
And hoot th' Apostates thro' the Shades below.

Corrupt, rapacious Ministers of State
Shall There bewail their ill-got Wealth too late. 370
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370
Suppose

Suppose a weak, and wicked Tyrant's Tool,
 Pander to Av'rice, Pride, and Lust of Rule ;
 Most prompt to act in Courts each bidden Part,
 A vicious Head, and a more vicious Heart ;
 A Foe profess'd to Truth, and common Sense, 375
 Lost to all Reason, steel'd with Impudence :
 Who made his Country, weeping on the Ground,
 The Scorn, and Jest of all the Nations round ;
 Beggar'd, enslav'd her ; proud enjoy'd her Toils,
 Laugh'd at Her Woes, and revel'd in Her Spoils ; 380
 Debauch'd her Sons with Vice ; dispatch'd in Shoals
 To Jayls their Bodys, and to Hell their Souls ;
 Exploded Vertue, Honesty, and Shame ;
 And taught that Villany alone was Fame :
 By whose Example, Influence, and Command, 385
 Hateful *Corruption* delug'd all the Land :
 Who made the Publick Loss his Private Gain ;
 His Country's Evil Genius, Pest, and Bane ;
 Corrupted, and Corrupting—Where can dwell
 (For such have been, as Time's long Annals tell) 390
 So Heav'n-abhor'd a Monster, but in Hell ?

VER. 371. *A weak and wicked Tyrant's, &c.*] Such as the Favourites of Those weak, and wicked Kings, *Edward II.* and *Richard II.* of *England* ; and many Others, in all History.

VER. 389 391—*Where can dwell—but in Hell?*] Here, as all along, must be understood, *without Repentance*. See Ver. 328. Which must be apply'd to all the several Sorts of Sinners here specify'd.

If Thus the *Tyrant-Minister* shall fare ;
 What Portion shall his *Tyrant-Master* share ?
 Hell ; in the same, or in a worse Degree ;
 If possible, more deeply damn'd than He. 395
 Proud, avaricious, impious *Kings*, who Nought
 But their *own Pleasure, Wealth* and *Greatness* sought ;
 Who like *Destroyers*, not *Protectors*, reign'd,
 Their *wretched Subjects* pillag'd, fleec'd, and drain'd ;
 Who to be *fear'd*, and *bated*, studious strove, 400
 And chose to rule by *Terror*, not by *Love* ;
 As if to *One Heav'n* such *Distinction* gave,
 That a *whole People* should be born *His Slave* :
 Who thought *Themselves* superior to *all Laws* ;
 Oppress'd *God's Church*, and disavow'd his *Cause* ; 405
 Promoted Ign'rance, Leudness, Cowardise,
 Profaneness, Atheism, ev'ry Kind of Vice :
 All These (and such portentous Plagues have been,
 King, Emp'ror, Empress, Sov'reign Prince, and Queen)
 Howe'er They once despis'd these serious Things, 410
 Shall feel, in Hell, there is a King of Kings.

Among *his* Damn'd great *MARO* places Those
 Who, sway'd by *Bribery*, made, and unmade Laws :
 Who, *venal* ev'n *Themselves*, for Sums of Gold
 Impos'd a *Tyrant*, and their *Country* sold. 415

And can That Crime deserve a milder Doom
In Christian Senates, than in Pagan Rome?

To These, however *diff'rent* seem'd their Guilt,
Must Those be added, who their Grandeur built
On *Patriotism's* usurp'd and injur'd Name; 420
Wise and good Princes labour'd to defame:
Always Seditious, Restless, Turbulent,
Factious, and *without Reason* Malecontent,
Mouth'd Tyranny, and Freedom, when no Fear
Of Tyranny, but from *Themselves*, was near; 425
Skill'd with the Sound of Liberty t' enslave,
And ruin Those they boasted they would save.

Loose, *vicious Writers*, who debauch'd Mankind,
And to *Their own* the Sins of Others join'd,
Shall There deplore the Triumphs of their Wit, 430
Of All they *lewdly*, or *profanely* writ;
Their *Heresies*, their *Blasphemys*, the *Pride*
Of having Truths *most evident* deny'd.
Those chiefly, who, *God's Ministers* ordain'd,
Traduc'd the Office which *Themselves* sustain'd; 435
(For such a PRODIGY may be conceiv'd,
Since sure *Experience* makes the *Fact* believ'd;)
Who, to their utmost Pow'r, That Church destroy'd,
Whose WEALTHIEST POSTS and HONOURS They enjoy'd.

But

But lest the Muse should seem, while keen on Vice,
Herself to flatter, as she *That* decrys; 441
 The *worst* of Men she *loves*, and would reform,
 Howe'er against their *wicked Actions* warm:
 Would warn them to escape Hell's dreadful Doom,
 And fly, repentant, from the Wrath to come. 445
 Few shall, she sings, a Vengeance more severe,
 Than th' *Evil-speakers*, and *Censorious*, bear;
 Th' Incontinent of Tongue, and Pen; who *take*
Delight in Scandal, for mere *Scandal's sake*.
 Nor only Those, who darken the fair Fame 450
 Of the most Innocent, and blast their Name;
 But Those who *love* to *dwell* on Crimes, tho' *true*,
 And blazon Facts in the worst Point of View:
 Who to *all* Faults quick-sighted, but *their own*,
 Speak ill of Many; good, of Few, or None. 455
 Such *Tongues*, which Now, with Inflammation dire,
 Can the whole *Course of Nature set on fire*,
 Tho' Nothing *Here* should their Malignance quell,
 Shall There *INDEED be set on fire of HELL*.

I 2

But

VER. 445.—Fly—From the *Wrath* to come.] Matth. iii. 7.

VER. 457.—459.—*Course of Nature set on fire*—Set on fire
 of Hell.] James iii. 6.

But This, thou say'st, is *Priestcraft* all ; th' Effect 460
 Of *Superstition*, which wise Minds reject.
 I ask thee, tho' perhaps *obdur'd* long since,
 Whom Nought, I fear, but *Hell*, will e'er *convince* ;
 Is it, at least, not *safer* to *suppose*,
 Than *disbelieve*, These dreadful threaten'd Woes ? 465
 Wise Minds will by These Terrors sure be mov'd ;
 Since, were they *false*, they cannot be *disprov'd* :
 They *may* be true ——— And Oh ! suppose they *shou'd* —
 Does not ev'n That *Suppose* congeal thy Blood ?
 Hast thou not, anxious for thy final Fate, 470
 At least, *Suspicious* of a future State ?
 Some sad *Misgivings* ? No ; Thou wilt reply :
 I tell thee, That's not *Error*, but a *Lye*.
 To *All*, to *Humane Nature* I appeal ;
 Ev'n to *Thyself* — The Thing's *impossible*. 475
 In Vice, and Luxury however sunk,
 Thou canst not, certainly, be *always* drunk :
 Th' intruding Thoughts of Hell will *sometimes* pall
 Thy Wine, and *sometimes* dash thy Cups with Gall,
 But Oh ! the *sage*, *dry* Atheist ; He who *thinks*, 480
 Deliberately *reasons*, rarely *drinks* ;
 (*Whoredom*, not *Drinking*, is the Vice He loves)
 Who *Human Understanding* much improves ;

Dispensing,

Dispensing, while God's Threats he ridicules,
 Sententious Nonsense to his Ring of Fools ; 485
 With Sneer, and Shrug explodes Religion's Dreams,
 And over *Coffee's* sober Fume *blasphemes* :
 Is not He happy? Yes, belike; Of Fear,
 And Doubt His *Philosophic* Soul is clear :
 He can *demonstrate* — Can demonstrate *What*? 490
 That there's *no Hell*? that *after Death* is *Nought*?
 Atheist, Begin thy Demonstration; say,
 How *prov'st* Thou This? In Us is no Delay.
 That such a State there *is*, We oft have shown
 By *solid Proofs*: How *prov'st* Thou there is *None*? 495
 Is it a *Contradiction*? If it be ;
 To *shew* That *Contradiction*, lies on *Thee*.
 Meanwhile, I tell thee, Thou'rt a Wretch forlorn ;
 Thou *know'st*, Thou *feel'st* it: Publick Hate, and Scorn
 Justly attend thee: While thou turn'st to Jest 500
 Hell, and its Terrors, *Hell is in thy Breast*.
 In thy wild, thoughtful Face, thy haggard Air,
 We trace plain Marks of Anguish, and Despair.

VER. 493. *In us is no Delay,*] That is, we are ready for the Dispute. 'Tis the Form of accepting a Challenge. The Words are *Virgil's*, Ecl. iii. *in me mora non erit ulla*.

Inly thou tremblest at the vengeful Rod
 Of Him whom thou blasphem'st, the MIGHTY GOD :
 That Thought confounds thy Atheistic Pride ; 506
 He *fears* Hell most, by whom it is *deny'd*.

If Hell be *Not* ; We, who believe it *Is*,
 Lose Nothing in the Next World, nor in This,
 By That erroneous Faith ; Nay more, we *gain* ; 510
 Since Vertue has more Pleasure *Here*, than Pain.

If neither Heav'n Above, nor Hell Beneath
 Exist ; no State, or Being after Death ;
 Thou can'st not *laugh* at *Us* : But if There Be ;
 How will Eternal Justice *laugh* at *Thee* ? 515

Thou art *undone forever*. But if *sure*
 That Vengeance be, and *always* shall endure ;
 As God's unerring Oracles proclaim :
 Hear, Thou *Freethinker* of immortal Fame ;
 The *Frenzy* of a *Lunatic* in Chains, 520
 Who baffles the Physician's Care, and Pains,
 Whom Keepers in a darken'd Room confine,
 Is sober Reason, if compar'd with *Thine* :
 Thou *Wit*, of thy *clear Thoughts* so *proud* and *glad*,
 Thou *deep Philosopher*, art more than *Mad*. 525
 Thou art so ; should we ev'n allow that Hell,
 As 'tis most *certain*, were but *possible*.

Weigh

Weigh well thy *present*, and thy *future* State;
Yet, yet *Repent*—PERHAPS 'tis not too late:
And to us ALL be such true Wisdom giv'n, 530
So to *reflect* on HELL, as to be *blest*'d in HEAV'N.

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PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM I.

HAPPY the Man, who, Innocent, and Wife,
The Pest of wicked Conversation flies ;

Refuses with ungodly Men to sit ;

Abhors the Guilt of irreligious Wit ;

Nor shares the dark Cabals where Scoffers meet :

But meditates on God with pious Awe,

And studys, Night and Day, his sacred Law.

Still shall He thrive ; still flourishing, and fair ;

Like a tall Tree, that shoots its Boughs in Air

Fast by the running Stream, and ne'er deceives

Its Owner's Hopes ; but spreads its verdant Leaves,

Deep fixes in the Mold it's piercing Root,

And in due Season bends with copious Fruit.

Whate'er He does still Providence shall bless,

And crown his righteous Labours with Success.

A diff'rent Fate shall restless Sinners find ;

Dispers'd like Chaff, before the driving Wind.

And

122 PARAPHRASE *on the First* PSALM.

And when at last stern Justice shall appear,
All trembling they shall stand, and pale with Fear ;
Nor be admitted, black with Av'rice, Lust, 20
And Pride, to join th' Assembly of the Just :
Who now (for God their every Action knows)
Shall take their Seats, where endless Pleasure flows ;
Triumphant mingle with th' Ethereal Quire,
And reign in Light, while Sinners howl in Fire. 25

P A R A

PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM CIV.

BEGIN, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praise,
 Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,
 Majestick shines; unutterably bright
 With dazzling Robes of uncreated Light :
 Who Spacious Sheets of Ether spreads on high, 5
 And, like a Curtain smooth'd, unfolds the Sky.
 Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Mists, support
 The ample Floor of his Aëreal Court :
 Who, borne in Triumph o'er the Heav'nly Plains,
 Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins; 10
 Flies on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
 While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars behind.
 That no incumbring Flesh may clog the Flight
 Of his fleet Messengers, or quell their Might,
 Them pure unbody'd Essences He frames 15
 Swift of Dispatch, more active than the Flames.
 He fix'd the steady Basis of the Earth,
 And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.

Then

124 PARAPHRASE *on* PSALM CIV.

Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he spred,
 And the dull Mafs with pregnant Moisture fed : 20
 Above the Rocks th' aspiring Surges swell'd,
 And Floods the tallest Mountain-Tops conceal'd.
 But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,
 And in loud Thunder bade the Waves subside ;
 The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall, 25
 Drew off its Forces, and disclos'd the Ball.
 They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,
 To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea ;
 Where roaring, they in endless Wars engage,
 And beat those Shores that bound and check their Rage. 30

Hence straggling Waters unperceiv'd get loose,
 And genial Moisture thro' the Globe diffuse ;
 Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,
 They run, and on high Hills in Fountains rise :
 Or bubbling out in Springs, they gently slide 35
 Down by the craggy Mountain's sloping side, }
 And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide. }
 Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come
 To their appointed universal Home ;
 Which God has destin'd for the Mustring-place 40
 And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For

PARAPHRASE *on* PSALM CIV. 125

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,
 And in due Limits bounds the raging Tide ;
 That it may ne'er again roll unconfin'd
 O'er all the Universe, and drown Mankind ; 45
 Yet Nought restrains its happier Influence,
 Nor stops those Blessings which its Streams dispense.
 These, or in Rivers from, and to the Main,
 Thro' Oozy Channels draw their winding Train ;
 Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills, 50
 Creep thro' the Vales, and shine between the Hills.
 Whither the Savage Beasts which roam abroad,
 Owning no Master, and no fix'd Abode ;
 And Those which under galling Harnes bow,
 Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough ; 55
 Repair, when scorch'd with Summer's scalding Beams,
 To stake their Thirst, and drink the cooling Streams.
 Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,
 Adorn the Banks, and shade the Brooks below.
 Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raise, 60
 And in soft Musick sing their Maker's Praise.

Who from his airy Chambers Rain distills
 And with new Verdure cloaths th' unsightly Hills ;
 The thirsty Glebe, refresh'd with soft'ning Drops,
 Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops. 65

The

126 PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CIV.

The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,
 And Flocks and Herds with grassy Fodder feeds.
 At his Command, the Spring, for Human Use,
 The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.
 Then rip'ning Fruits and waving Ears of Córñ, 70
 In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.

Succeeding Autumn from the clustring Vine
 Gives sprightly Juice, and glads the World with Wine :
 Which with its joyous Gust and Flavour cheers
 The drooping Spirit, and dispels its Cares. 75
 Then the fat Olive, in a diff'rent Soil,
 Yields the Year's Product, and resigns its Oil ;
 Which adds a Lustre, and a smoother Grace,
 To wrinkled Skin, and sleeks the shining Face.

With circulating Sap the Trees are fed ; 80 }
 Refresh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,
 And lofty Firs their thriving Branches spread :
 Which, moisten'd with invigorating Juice,
 A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuse.
 These to the Birds convenient Mansions yield, 85
 Which in th' intangling Boughs their Eyries build.
 The stately Stork here plants her Nest on high,
 Disdains this lower Air, and seeks the Sky.

The

PARAPHRASE *on* PSALM CIV. 127

The shaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,
 Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove. 90
 O'er stony Rocks the sportive Conies play,
 And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.

Appointed by his Providential Care,
 The changing Moon divides the circling Year ;
 Distinguishes the Seasons, rules the Night, 95
 And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.

The Sun with Glory, fearless of Decay,
 Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.
 By turns, He, entring, gilds the rosy East ;
 By turns, with setting Rays, he paints the West : 100

Then gloomy Night involves the Hemisphere,
 And spreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.
 Then the wild Tenants of the desert Woods
 Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes :

For Prey the yawning Bears forsake their Holds, 105
 And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds.

With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
 Expand their Jaws, and range the Forest o'er :
 Dreadfully suppliant, for their Meat they pray
 To Heav'n, and savage Adoration pay. 110

But soon as Streaks of Light the East adorn,
 And flying Mists confess the dawning Morn ;

Back

128 PARAPHRASE *on* PSALM CIV.

Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters speed
 With their raw Booty, and at Leisure feed.
 But when the Lion to his Rest repairs, 115
 Laborious Mortals wake, and rise from Theirs ;
 To Care and Bus'ness they themselves address,
 Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning cease.

How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raise
 Our Admiration, and transcend our Praise! 120
 Wisely the World's great Fabrick was design'd,
 And boundless Wisdom ev'ry Atom join'd.
 With thy rich Bounty fill'd the Earth appears,
 Which Food, and Physick, on its Surface bears ;
 And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store ; 125
 Bright Veins of Gold, and Silver's glitt'ring Ore.

Profuse of Blessings, with a lavish Hand,
 Thou pour'st thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.
 The vast unmeasur'd Kingdoms of the Main,
 Copious Materials for thy Praise contain. 130
 There scaly Monsters of enormous Size
 Flounce in the Waves, and dash with Foam the Skies.
 While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry
 Of smaller Fish, glide unregarded by.
 Others, in jointed shelly Armour, creep 135
 Upon the Rocks, or seek the slimy Deep.

Here

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CIV. 129

Here big with War, or Traffick, Vessels ride,
 Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.
 There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,
 Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breathes a Storm : 140
 He sucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
 And his vast Maw with finny Nations fills ;
 Then laves the Clouds with salt, ascending Rain,
 And with his spouting Trunk refunds the Main.

These all dependent on his Bounty live, 145
 And from his Providence their Meat receive.
 His open'd Hand profusely scatters Food,
 Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.
 But when his Hand is shut, the Creatures mourn,
 'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return. 150
 When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,
 They moulder to the Dust, from whence they came ;
 Then to repair the Loss sustain'd by Death,
 He gives new Life, with his inspiring Breath,
 To Forms, which from the vast Material Mass 155
 Are still wrought off, and so renews the Race.
 Thus a successive Offspring He supplies,
 And th' undecaying Species never dies.

Nor Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can restrain,
 Nor Time's Dimensions terminate his Reign. 160

130 PARAPHRASE *on* PSALM CIV.

From his bright Regions of celestial Day,
 He with Complacence shall his Works survey.
 At his Reproof convulsive Nature shakes,
 And shudd'ring Earth from its Foundation quakes :
 His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends, 165
 And curling Smoak in spiry Clouds ascends.

For me, while unextinguish'd Life maintains
 Heat in my Blood, and Pulses in my Veins,
 His wond'rous Works shall animate my Song,
 Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue. 170
 While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd
 Confounds their Pride, and sweeps them from the World ;
 His Glory shall my ravish'd Soul inspire,
 And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre ;
 That imitates, in various-sounding Lays, 175
 Th' Harmonious Discord which it strives to praise.

PARAPHRASE

Upon PSALM CXXXVII.

UPON the Banks which fam'd *Euphrates* laves
 Pensive we fate, and swell'd with Tears the Waves;
 When the Remembrance of our native Seat,
 And *Sion's* lov'd Idea did create
 Fresh Melancholy, and improv'd our Fate.
 On the green Branches of the Trees which stood,
 Rang'd on the Margin of the rolling Flood;
 To whist'ling Winds our tuneless Harps we hung;
 Our Souls were Discord, and our Lyres unstrung:
 Then with keen Scoffs th' insulting Victors cry'd,
 " Why is your *Jewish* Musick lay'd aside?
 " Come sing some *Hebrew* Song, and let us hear
 " How *Sion's* Harmony will please the Ear.
 How shall we sing, at your absurd Command,
JEHOVAH's Song in this unhallow'd Land?
 Our Notes shall ne'er in unblest'd Vales rebound,
 Nor barb'rous Air prophane the sacred Sound.
Jerusalem, thou Solace of our Woe,
 If I thy dear Remembrance e'er foregoe;

132 PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVII.

If thou e'er cease to be my darling Theme, 20
 My Thought when waking, and in Sleep my Dream ;
 Then may my skilful Hand forget the Lyre,
 Forget to tune the Strings, and strike the sounding Wire.
 May ev'n my Tongue, when I this Subject leave,
 Struck Speechless to my clammy Palate cleave : 25
 By plaintive Songs no more afford Relief,
 But lose the wretched Privilege of Grief.
 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* hostile Race
 Urg'd on the Foes our Glory to deface :
 How in *Jerusalem's* last Day they cry'd, 30
 Raze her Foundations, crush her tow'ring Pride ;
 Lay wast her Buildings with devouring Fires,
 And level with the Ground her glitt'ring Spires.
 And Thou who hast our shining Pomp consum'd,
 Curs'd *Babylon*, to sure Destruction doom'd ; 35
 Blest shall Hé be, who all the Woes We mourn
 Shall on Thy own devoted Head return :
 Blest shall He be that splits thy Children's Bones,
 And strikes their sprawling Limbs against the Stones ;
 Who all thy Streets with Slaughter covers o'er, 40
 And daubs the rugged Flints with clotted Brains and Gore.

F I N I S.



